

THE GRAIL



FEBRUARY 1941

The Grail

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THE GRAIL

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America Needs the Altar

Maurus Ohligslager, O.S.B.

A EUROPEAN Benedictine Retreat Master, steeped in the Liturgy and the Faith, recently made the statement that the world needs the *altar*, meaning the liturgical life that emanates from the altar. He explained his contention by showing how disregard for personality in the strict sense of the word brought about the cataclysm that is Europe today. Starting in the renaissance movement these false ideas coming to a head in the religious revolution in Germany and the intellectual revolution in France gradually led to state materialism that denies the dignity of the human person and prostitutes it on the bloody battlefields for its own selfish ends. The individual now exists for the state. He is regimented, body and soul, into the marching lines of Caesar. Like sheep he is led to the slaughter. In a secularized age divorced from God man's dignity as a human person has been desecrated as never before in the history of mankind. Religion is not only persecuted in one country, but in many.

This Retreat Master stated that in Germany the Catholic religion in her lay societies was highly organized. But because personality was not anchored deeply enough in the altar, a stronger personality, that of the leader of the German people, came along and touched this personality and in a week's time lay Catholic organization was gone, almost completely eradicated. Where these organizations were vitalized by the Liturgy they fought their oppressors. Where the spirit of the world prevailed they weakly acquiesced in the plans of the enemy.

The state in Europe is destroying personality, its freedom, its integrity. Man is only a tool, a chattel. If this condition finds its way to America, what will happen? Will the Catholic Church resist with all her soul, or will she succumb to compromise? In Europe those units of Catholicity that were rooted in the altar resisted

and fought the monster. We can learn from Europe. If we go to the altar, that is to Christ, there we shall find our salvation.

We need the influence of the Liturgy to make our religion vital enough to stand the test of blood. We need to turn to the Mass, and to worship not only privately but publicly, not only individually but socially.

There are two evils of the day. The late Holy Father, Pius XI, in the Encyclical, "Caritate Christi Compulsi" pointed out greed as the root of the present ills of society. This vice itself points out the second, namely, lack of charity. This greed is filling the hearts even of the good and expresses itself in, "What do I get out of it?" In the prayers of pious people the ego often colors much of their strivings. Now the Offertory of the Mass is in direct opposition to this spirit. We should seek, like St. Vincent de Paul and Frederick Ozanam, to give, not to get. The first Christians at the Offertory gave not only bread and wine for the sacrifice, but alms for their neighbor. Our collection at this part of the Mass is a relic of that practice. What great social influence resulted from the spirit of giving sanctified by the altar. What profound social consequences would be effected if Christianity would again give of its material wealth through the altar to the poor and sick members of Christ!

The second evil is lack of charity. At the Communion of the Mass, prepared for by the Pater Noster and the Pax, charity is the predominant note. To be united truly with Christ presupposes charity for our fellowmen. Therefore if Christians would receive Communion as they should, charity would abound in the world. Like perfume it would permeate all its surroundings and attract all to itself. "See how they love one another," was said of the first Christians. It was their characteristic. No one can attend Mass properly with hatred in his heart or greed in his soul.

This European liturgist stated that where the religious life of the people in Germany was rooted in the altar, there they fought against the forces of irreligion. What holds for Europe also is true for our own country. If America is to be a bulwark of Christianity after the war, then she will need spirit and strength, and that spirit and strength can come only from the altar. The crying need of the hour is the *altar*. "I will go in unto the Altar of God: unto God, Who giveth joy to my youth." (Psalm 42.)

We need the influence of the Liturgy to make our religion vital enough to stand the test of blood. We need to turn to the Mass, and to worship not only privately but publicly, not only individually but socially. Let us have the virtue of religion expressing itself in social and public worship, and asserting itself with the fortitude and zeal that, shame to say, Communists display as a matter of fact. It is only by going back to Christ in the spirit of the first ages of Christianity that our age can revitalize itself sufficiently for the coming conflicts. This is what the Liturgy would do, reintroduce the pristine spirit of the Apostles, that spirit hot from the heart of Christ, which kept aglow the fervor of the saints in all ages, and which will ignite the smoldering embers in our day.



BETWEEN THE LINES

with

H. C. McGinnis

Civilization Demands a Peaceful America

AS SPRING approaches, the world crisis comes closer and closer to its acute stage. As soon as weather permits, Hitler must make his supreme effort whether he wants to or not; dictators must continually divert their subjects' minds. This winter is not an easy one on the Nazis, for they entered the war suffering from several years of undernourishment and a stern blockade does not add to their happiness. Hitler realizes he will face a perilous condition within his own ranks if spring and summer pass without his staking everything on an all-out attempt to crush his opponents. Furthermore, all strategists agree that while the Nazi submarine blockade is most damaging and the air warfare is a crippling force, Britain can not be conquered except by direct army assault. Each day Hitler delays brings the British land defenses closer to complete impregnability, for John Bull has made excellent use of the time at hand and right now the Channel fortifications resemble a Maginot Line with all latest improvements. Each day's delay now means decidedly greater obstacles to the invaders. Then, too, Hitler realizes 1942 and thereafter will see the United States at peak production in war materials for Britain and her allies. On the political front, almost as important as military operations, delay weakens Nazi prestige and makes occupied countries more rebellious than ever, while neutral countries, now fearful of not bending to Axis impositions, will think several times before acceding to totalitarian demands which may offend an ultimately victorious Britain. In short, everything, including necessity, calls for an Axis attempt to smash Britain at the earliest possible moment.

As the attack progresses, the carnage will become more and more

dreadful and there may be times when British defense will seem at the breaking point, for Hitler will have a bag full of tricks. Perhaps in the desperation of defeat, he may unleash a poison gas attack upon Britain's civilian population which may prove a severely demoralizing force. As the intensity of totalitarian blows increase, British propaganda, which operates unrestricted in this country, will increase its efforts a hundred fold to get this country into war to absorb some of the blows and terrific losses. Here is where the United States must exercise the greatest sanity ever called for in our national existence; for war, in this case, even victorious war, means defeat for us in the long run.

THERE will be many conscientious Americans who deplore war and all it means but who will feel, nevertheless, our duty to civilization demands we abandon our peace to go to the front for democracy and freedom. This feeling will increase if Britain shows any signs of cracking under Hitler's ponderous blows and there is every reason to assume the island kingdom will have no picnic repelling the invader. But there are equally conscientious Americans who feel that while America must give unstintingly every possible material and financial aid to Britain, we must, for the preservation of civilization, remain out of actual fighting. This latter view is a little difficult to understand at first, but becomes very plain when we put on our thinking caps.

History proves most conclusively far reaching defections in the countries involved in war always follow the peace. The defections in defeated countries are usually more drastic than those in victorious countries, but often the ones in winning countries are equally dangerous; for war, after patriotic emotionalism is over, brings bitter dis-

illusionment to victor and vanquished alike. In this struggle of principles and ideals, it is America's duty to remain a Gibraltar of sane democracy and this can not be done if she exposes her people to the spiritual and psychological upsets which war always causes. World freedom will still have a chance to recover despite disastrous military set-backs, so long as there remains a safe and sane influence such as America is today. We owe it to world civilization not to jeopardize this influence: Nazism, Communism, and Fascism came out of the last World War and one dares scarcely to predict what will come out of this one, but there will be something as bad, or worse, we may be sure.

THERE ARE some who paint terrifying pictures of the aerial blitzkriegs which may befall us should the Axis win and secure close bases from which to operate; but common sense tells us defense and not offense is required to keep nearby bases from falling into hostile hands. And no one, no matter how high he may stand in the nation's councils, has yet offered one convincing statement as to how an invading force, together with its mechanized equipment, large enough to conquer 130 million people can possibly be transported and supplied across either ocean. And suppose, for argument's sake only, it could be done: are we any less a fighting nation than the poorly equipped Chinese coolies or have we less of what it takes? A few hundred miles from the seacoast they have completely stale-mated the Japs and we have thousands of miles of easily defended country. Air raids can be harassing, but the Battle of Britain only confirms our knowledge that air action can not conquer and hold a country.

True, if the totalitarians win the military victory, their ultimate control of the seas would cramp the economic imperialism of this country,

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but the perfection of the true American way of life does not require economic imperialism. Those who love economic imperialism are never the ones who do the fighting for it, nor do their loved ones do more than score up a few mahogany desks by an injudicious parking of spurred boots which never fitted into a stirrup.

Swiftly the crisis rushes toward us, but we must hold our heads at all costs. This war, while it has basic origins in economics and imperialism, has developed into a war of principles and in such a war, military victories settle little. Conquerors can not impose their ideologies upon free men for long; a horse can not be made to drink. America must remain freedom's strongest fortress, if a gasping world's ideals are to continue to live, but to fulfill our destiny as democracy's leader, we dare not expose the defenders to the demoralizing influence inevitably exacted by war. Despite the maelstroms of clever and insidious and almost convincing propaganda which may threaten to engulf us with emotionalism, we must keep our eyes single to the true requirements of civilization, democracy, freedom, and justice.

Have We Grown Up?

UNLESS the world emergency presses the question into complete obscurity, the new Congress should decide the continuance of the Electoral College. A hot, close election has made the voters realize the electoral system might not truly express the majority's wishes at a time most necessary for them to be expressed and followed. Statisticians show how a shift of about a half million votes from Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Willkie would have given Mr. Willkie a majority in the Electoral College, provided the shifts had occurred in certain closely contested States. Under such possible conditions the Republican candidate, still trailing in popular votes by several millions, could have captured the Presidency. Any situation which makes such a condition barely possible for any candidate needs immediate consideration.

Even the electors themselves have come to see they are participating in a farce. When the Texas electors met on December 16 to cast that State's votes for President, they condemned as obsolete the very act in which they were participating and asked for a Constitutional amendment to end the comedy. The Indiana delegation showed how sacredly they viewed their obligation, for three of them had not troubled to acquaint themselves with the proper spelling of their candidate's name, Wendell Willkie. One of the Pennsylvania electors carelessly voted for himself instead of the State's chosen candidate—Mr. Roosevelt—until his attention was called to the fact.

Although the Electoral College was established by the Constitutional Convention in 1787, it wasn't much to start with. Our Founding Fathers wrangled quite a while over the method to adopt and at one time even considered choosing the electors by lottery. Popular vote was discarded, for, in 1787, democracy was so new and the masses so little experienced in democratic procedure, the delegates were fearful of its possible abuses. Moreover, the delegates did not represent States as we know States, but rather thirteen little nations loosely bound together by little more than a defensive alliance against common aggression. These little nations, settled by widely differing people, were jealous of one another and suspicious of central authority; the delegates frequently acted more like representatives of belligerent nations around a treaty table than representatives of different sections of one people trying to get together. Their battles nearly blew the Convention into nothingness on several occasions and out of them developed compromises which made possible such things as small States, like Nevada for instance, to have two Senators and one Representative. It became very evident States were unwilling to surrender their inhabitants to a central government, and on national questions, insisted upon polling their own citizens as they saw fit and submitting the results as a unit vote.

WITH these thirteen hair-triggered States in mind, is isn't difficult to see why Presidential elections by popular vote were ruled out. It was not, as many think, because the Founding Fathers thought the electoral college the only safe method then and forever. But today the situation is entirely different: the voting public has been schooled by a century and a half of democratic government. Today, public questions are the concern of the masses and not of a few who must administer government because of superior position and education. The thirteen States have lost their jealousy and suspiciousness and, in addition, are badly outnumbered by those since added to the Union and which, with the exception of Texas, came into the Union as political entities created by a central government and previously administered by it as territories. Should our Founding Fathers come back, they would cheerfully vote the individual rights withheld by them so reluctantly for fear of the inability of the masses to properly handle them and they would be surprised and overjoyed at the oneness of this nation.

Although the vast majority of our citizens are wholly devoted to popular government in its most liberal sense, the abolishment of the Electoral College may not be easy. Perhaps that is why the Norris-Lea bill calling for abolishment has been pending in Congress since 1933. The very objection to the Electoral College—the defeating of majority opinion by a minority—applies to the passing of a Constitutional amendment necessary to change our Presidential election procedure. Thirteen States, thirteen very small States, can prevent the majority will from becoming a law and there are some States which might vote against it, due to a desire to limit the franchise of their citizens. This may constitute a reason why Congress has been so dilatory about considering the bill; but this unwillingness to modernize outmoded parts of government machinery and to keep it abreast of modern requirements is a bad thing for popular government, especially in these times.

She Married A Writer

Malo Topmiller

HARTFORD MASON wrote horror stories.

Ann Davis did not quite understand what this all implied before she married him...

So, she married him, and they immediately moved into the Mason Manor where there were long curtains covering the walls, old straight-back chairs, and candlesticks all over the place.

The very first day, while Hartford was out gathering atmosphere for his new novel, Ann had a crew come in and redecorate—to surprise Hartford, who wrote horror stories and was never surprised!! By nightfall the swinging curtains were down, new furniture moved in, the candlesticks replaced by lamps, and the ghosts completely frightened away.

"Don't look yet, Darling!" she said, leading him into the drawing-room. "Close your eyes!"

Hartford, who liked it dark anyway, closed his eyes.

"Now look!"

"EEEEK!" exclaimed Hartford.

"Why, Dear, don't you like it?"

"Like it? It's almost daylight in here!"

"That's what I thought, too. It's so much more cheerful and homey."

"But, Ann Darling—"

"Now, now, now, don't you worry your head about expense. You just go on writing your novel and leave the managing to me."

"But, Ann Darling— How could — just how could a peculiar, old millionaire live in here? It's—it's positively too, too daring. It's really immodest!"

"Old who?"

"Old man Lassey."

"Who?"

"The old man who leaves ten million dollars to his ten relatives, and has the will read to them at midnight while ten candles are burning." Here Hartford paused and said gently: "Get the significance? Ten candles, ten relatives, and ten millions..."

"In here?"

"Yes, in here."

"But, Hartford, you never told me you knew a millionaire! why, I bet he'd even loan us the money to do the other rooms! !"

"Ann, you don't understand me."

"I understand all right. How stupid of me! I must remember I'm married to an author now who has important friends. You must tell me about your friends, Hartford."

"Old Lassey never told anyone— still he was murdered, murdered for



his ten millions by— ah, but that's the problem— by whom?"

"Oh, Hartford, you're not mixed up in this, are you?"

"Up to eighty thousand words at two cents per!"

"Oh, Hartford," Ann sighed with relief, "your novel, of course! I'd almost forgotten again I'd married a writer."

"You'll learn to forget it, Dear, if you don't hang those curtains back and all the rest."

"Oh, Hartford, must I—"

"For two cents per— you'd better!"

So, the curtains were hung back, the chairs brought back in, the candles lit, and Hartford Mason sat at the long table in the drawing-room, made faces at old man Lassey seated across from him, and wrote ten cents worth of words now and then.

During this evolution, Ann remained at a safe distance, devoting most of her time to nerves. She had a radio installed in her room, a few chairs safe to sit on, and some pictures on the walls that could not be mistaken for a hanging.

She played solitaire in her room until she dreamed at nights; she played the radio until it needed tubes; she even played at knitting, and Ann was never a knitter. Now and then, between chapters, she would creep down the winding and winding staircase to see how Hartford was doing. Always, he would wave her away and write a word or two.

But Ann was patient. She had taken Hartford for better or worse, and seemingly had hit the jack-pot for all the worse. She was losing step by step, and she knew it.

Then when things seemed the most hopeless, and it seemed to her she was being forced into a back-to-mother-plot, Hartford looked up from his work and grunted to her, yes, actually grunted. "It's not coming," he grunted, "not like it should."

Ann was so glad to hear his voice again, grunts actually directed to herself, that she almost for the mo-

ment forgot the dreadful past days.

"You mustn't worry, Dear," She consoled. "You—you're tired."

"No, it's not that. I just haven't got the horrors yet."

"What?"

"The horrors! They creep up on you!"

"They do?"

"Yes, when you least suspect them, all of a sudden— there they are!"

"But, Hartford, must they?"

"Well, it's the only thing left. I guess I'll have to install Joey."

"Joey?"

"Yes, Ann, he's actually so ugly that—"

"Oh, a character in your next chapter!"

"No, he lives down the street. He's a ghost."

"A GHOST!!!"

"Well—a ghostwriter. You hire Joey, and just out of nothing he thinks up lines and moods. All he asks is three meals a day and the run of the house."

Then Ann said the wrong thing: "Well, Hartford, get him."

The real beginning of events at the Mason Manor can be traced to the advent of Joey. These mortal remains, in all appearances, were a made-to-order-ghost. Joey's lean, and grotesque stature, bulging eyes, and clammy hands were intended to go under a sheet. Even when he moved around, as humans will, Ann thought it helped little, for even then it seemed to her she could hear chains dragging.

Ann could only stand in her tracks and stare whenever she encountered Joey. Hartford tried in many ways to explain away the difficulties presented by Joey's physique and assured her that if she could keep from looking at him she would get on to having him around. Ann tried this a few times, but found it helped none. Joey was atmosphere. He was everywhere after you once saw him.

So, it took only a few hours of Joey for Ann to find her nerves. The first time he shrieked, a terrify-

ing, unearthly sound, she managed to get hold of herself; then, when he suddenly opened her door without warning and asked "if she had seen his dead mother-in-law walking about?" she winced a bit; but when on the third and climactic occasion, he threw open her door again to announce he had just killed her husband, Ann let out a scream that brought Hartford to his feet and up the stairs.

"Joey, Joey!" he shouted, running to Ann's room.

"Oh, Hartford, you're all right?"

"Joey—me!! Not her!"

"Sure, das right."

"Well, then, see that it is me! My poor Ann."

Oh, Hartford, do we have to go on with this?"

"Just a little while longer, Dear. I'm on the murder chapter now. He was only helping."

"Sure, das right."

"Stop him! Can't he say anything else?"

"Sure, das right."

Hartford motioned Joey out. "Just twenty more chapters, Dear, and then we'll go to Bermuda and rest up."

"Twenty!! Oh, Hartford!!"

"But, Ann Dear—"

"Oh, Hartford, twenty chapters, and you've been on this one a week!"

"But, Dear, it takes time."

But Ann took no more time. When Hartford was downstairs again, thick in his work, she set her little hat on her ear, took her little purse full of her powder-puff, and went down the back stairs and out. She went straight to Father Joseph, who had bound Hartford and herself with matrimonial chains and had left them that way to struggle with ghosts and other unforeseen haunts of matrimonial life.

Father Joseph was in his study, and when faithful Nellie let Ann in, he removed his spectacles and looked up at her and smiled.

"Well, my child, you've finally come?"

"Father—I—"

"Yes, I've been expecting you."

"But— I— we— why?"
"You married a writer, didn't you?"

"Father, is it that bad?"

Father Joseph laughed aloud. "Not quite, child. You're just frightened. Now, sit down and compose yourself."

"But, Father, I live with ghosts!"

"Yes, go on."

"I can't stand it! I'm a nervous wreck!"

"Yes?"

"People jump out at me and shout horrible things!"

"I presume Mr. Mason is in a writing mood?"

"It's worse than a mood. He's got a Joey Somebody there doing crazy things. The house is a wreck."

Father Joseph looked at the ceiling and then at Ann. "Ann, did you ever hear of 'curing the doctor with his own medicine'?" he asked. "Well, this time we're going to *kill* the doctor with it. Do you think you can do it?"

Ann merely stared.

"It'll take skill and some real professional acting, but I think you've got it in you. Now, here's the plan. I know the fellow who'll fit the boot perfectly. He..."

When Ann got back to the Manor, she found Hartford gone, undoubtedly somewhere digging up atmosphere. Joey was out with him. Everything seemed made to order, so Ann got busy preparing her trump play. First, she called on the phone, gave hurried and lengthy directions to her party, went up to her room, took a headache tablet, lay down on the bed for a wink of sleep, and was suddenly awakened by a hammering which meant Hartford and Joey were back. She went down to leave them in.

Hartford did not look up. He went over to the table and sat down at his work.

The plot was stirring, the stage set, and Ann went into her lines. "Busy, Hartford?" she asked.

"Shhhh, I think I've got this new mood. I can feel it coming on."

"Is it hard?"

"It'll take eight thousand words, but I can do it!"

"Hartford, I'm afraid you'll work yourself into it and then can't get out."

"No such luck, Ann!"

"Hartford, can we take down the curtains after this chapter?"

Hartford Mason looked up for the first time and glanced at the curtained walls... Then it happened! Hartford sprang to his feet!

"Ann!!!" he shouted. "They moved!!!"

"What moved?"

"The curtains! I saw them!"

"It's your imagination, Hartford. You're in the mood now. You must keep on writing."

"Didn't you see it?"

"Of course not!"

"They did it again!!"

"Now, Hartford, you're fooling."

"Ann, please, didn't you see it?"

"You're just excited about your work, that's all. You'd better keep writing now while your mood lasts."

Hartford jumped up and moved slowly to the curtains. "Ann, I'm telling you I saw it, saw it twice." With a sudden jerk he pulled the curtain back. Only the wall was there. Hartford turned and faced Ann across the table.

"Just the wind, Hartford," she said.

"But there is no wind, Ann.... Look! That table!"

"What table?"

"It's right under your nose, Ann! It moved!"

"Hartford, it did not! I was right here."

"Ann, I saw it!"

Ann went around the table to him.

"My poor Hartford," she offered. "You've got the horrors badly."

"Joey! Joey!"

"Sure, das right," assured Joey on the run. "What is it, boss?"

"Joey— Joey— did you— where were you?"

"In the cellar sharpenin' up the ax."

"Joey," said Ann, "get Mr. Mason some water."

"Did you— did you move?— of course not! You were in the cellar!"

"Joey, get Mr. Mason some water. I think he's going to faint."

"Look, Joey!"

"My gorsh!!!" screamed Joey. "It moved! The place is haunted!!!"

"Joey, get Mr. Mason—"

"No, Mam, I'm gittin' out!"

"He saw it, Ann. He saw it, too!"

"Now, now, calm yourself, Hartford. You've both just got the horrors, that's all."

Then, in soft, slow, sepulchral tones Hartford heard himself being paged. The words were even, far, far away, like some message from the beyond, ever closer, closer...

"H-A-R-T-F-O-R-D M-A-S-O-N," they announced in unmistakable tones. "We are calling you to us. C-O-M-E — C-O-M-E — Come — Come—"

Slowly and easily, Hartford's eyes looked up into his head, his chin fell, his knees gradually gave way, and down he went in a faint.

"That's all, Mr. Simpson."

"Did it work?" asked the stranger, as he emerged from the closet.

"Too perfectly! It was almost cruel."

"When you called, I was afraid I couldn't get here before they got back, but that's a magician's job, to get in and out without notice."

"You did splendidly, Mr. Simpson."

"How'll I get all that stuff out of here. He'll be to in a minute."

"You can take it all out while we're in Bermuda getting atmosphere for Mr. Mason's next novel. It'll be a humorous story about a woman who married a writer. But, dear-me, I'll have to develop his sense of humor first. He can't even take a joke!"

Rosaries

and

Ruins

in London

John G. O'Farrell Rowe

UNDER the title "Rosary Saves a Church," the *Catholic Times* of Great Britain relates that in the long-continued aerial bombardment of London a high explosive bomb fell within twenty yards of a Catholic church in a north-western district, doing only minor damage to the building, and that the parish priest attributes the escape to the daily recitation of the Rosary in the church and of special prayers recently indulged by Cardinal Hinsley.

The bomb shattered part of the road outside and hurled a large fragment through the church roof, yet a man kneeling underneath escaped injury. The presbytery next door was "extensively damaged," so the report goes on to say, "but the priests and domestic staff escaped unhurt."

Only a short time ago, too, when a lightship was attacked by hostile aircraft and subjected to machine-gunfire as well as bombing, the Rosary figured prominently, as was recorded in all the British *secular* newspapers. All the crew, except a young Catholic, fled for shelter. He boldly remained out on deck, fully exposed, saying the Rosary, with his beads in his hands, and he escaped all injury.

Furthermore, a priest who is an ex-army chaplain tells the story of a young Catholic soldier who was importuned by some dozen of his Protestant (or at any rate non-Catholic) comrades to break his rosary beads up into as many pieces and give them each a piece. Everyone of those men came scatheless through a most terrible engagement with the enemy—an engagement in which their company suffered heavy loss.

And, really, as a Catholic who has experienced every raid on London so far, by day as well as night, the author can personally aver that the narrow escapes of many of his fellow-Catholics can only be

"In these days the Rosary will bring down blessings as never before. One shall even take the praying of the Rosary as the sign by which the true Christian is known." (Vision of the Countess Francesca de Billiante, Princess of Savoy, 1925.)

considered as providential. I do not refer merely to my own friends or acquaintances and those in my own district, in which I now reside only occasionally. A very pious unmarried lady, a child of Mary, whom I have known for some thirty years, had left the 'Anderson shelter' in which her married brother and his family were and re-entered the house. She was kneeling praying by her bedside in her own room when her window was blown out and the entire premises considerably damaged by the blast from a high explosive bomb. The wash-basin and ewer were smashed to atoms by being hurled against the marble slab forming the back of her wash-stand. Yet she only sustained a slight cut upon the forehead from a bit of the flying debris.

In another district, friends of mine came out of their shelter, at the "All Clear" being sounded by the sirens, to discover that, without their feeling more than a severe jolt, their home had been wrecked—rendered quite uninhabitable, although it still stood—by a bomb which had fallen on the opposite side of the road, next to a fence enclosing some allotments.

While staying the night with a sister-in-law in quite another district of London, incendiary bombs fell on several houses in the same street, setting them on fire. We distinctly heard the rattle of the bombs on the roofs, and, on going to the street door, saw the front bedroom of a house nearly opposite blazing like a furnace. It lit up the whole street, and yet in next to no time, so smartly did the street-wardens get to work, the flames were extinguished and the street as black as ever! One could hardly have believed it possible that but a few minutes before there had been a house furiously on fire in the street. And, by the way, no one in the house was hurt or burned. The bed and some of the other furniture were destroyed; that was all.

Catholic churches, convents, and training colleges in and around London have particularly suffered in the bombardment. Nevertheless, the casualties are astoundingly few, and the fatalities practically nil, while the cases of heroism displayed by priests and nuns are numerous. Priests have crawled under unsafe masses of debris to give the Last Sacraments or help extricate persons buried below. Nuns have gone back into tottering or burning places to bring out old, decrepit, crippled or blind inmates or children under their charge.

In Liverpool—the author's birthplace and early home, by the way—the nuns of a teaching order, who staff a secondary school, had a very narrow or providential escape. They had used a basement as a shelter until the convent and the school were heavily bombed one night. They then decided to use a new shelter, and a few nights later a bomb, "falling outside the old basement shelter, blew in part of its lower wall and buried the place where the nuns used to sit under brickwork and other heavy debris."

In north London an oil-bomb penetrated the roof of a Catholic church, and bursting inside, scattered oil in all directions, *but everywhere the oil failed to ignite.* And again in Liverpool, at a convent belonging to the Sisters of Charity, a high explosive bomb fell and burst within six inches of a shelter used by the community, without anyone being hurt. Every window in the convent was blown out, and a large piece of coping-stone from the front of the building was flung right over the roof into the garden at the back, where it made a

deep hole. And the same report tells us that "the priests of a religious order, who have charge of the parish, were out all night administering to the injured in the neighborhood.

Volunteer Parish Salvage Corps have been organized by Liverpool Catholics, watchmen being also appointed to prevent looting. Catholic parish halls have been converted into temporary living and feeding places for people rendered homeless by the aerial raiders, as well as into store-places for furniture, clothing, and other goods saved from the wrecked houses. Clothing is also provided when necessary. The St. Vincent de Paul Society is co-operating in this work.

In most, if not all, our churches last Mass on Sundays is now at noon instead of eleven or half past eleven, and High Mass and even Sung Mass has given place to Low Mass. This in order to enable people to obtain a longer sleep of a morning after the night's disturbance, and not keep them long in church. Benediction, too, is in the afternoon owing to the increasingly early nocturnal visits of the raiders. And the congregations are dreadfully diminished on account of the numerous evacuations—

At least half-a-dozen times have I been hearing Mass on Sundays when the sirens have sounded the "Alarm." My wife, my daughter, and myself always carry our Rosary beads on us, and, although we have had our windows blown out at the back on one occasion, and those in front on another, and two ceilings brought down, by the blast from bombs falling near us, we have so far escaped all personal injury.

Props*

O God,
I pray not that
With bursting blooms Thou stay
Me up . . . with apples compass me
About,
But that
My strength-sapped limbs
And sin-wormed, senile soul
Be stayed by hundred hands outstretched
In prayer.

—Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

* "Stay me up with flowers, compass me about with apples."—Cant. 2:5.

The Miraculous Candle

From 1095—1105 a frightful pestilence raged in France. The epidemic, called the fiery sickness or black death, caused untold disaster in the city of Arras in 1095, the death toll numbering hundreds daily. Sadness, consternation, and despair reigned supreme among the stricken inhabitants. In their extremity the people raised their eyes and hearts and supplicating hands to the Mother of Mercy, "Health of the Sick." Novenas were made, processions formed, and fervent prayers ascended to the compassionate Mother in heaven. Nor was Mary deaf to their earnest petitions.

At one procession she appeared in the church carrying a candle. With tears Bishop Lambert received the precious treasure from Mary's hand. Drops of wax from this candle were let fall into water, and it sufficed to give some of this to the plague-stricken patients to drink and they recovered perfect health.

This candle burned for five hundred years until 1627 without being consumed, even without diminishing in size. Saint Bernard went especially to Arras to see this blessed candle—a treasure from heaven. ("Mary our Mother," Clyde, Missouri.)

Awake, America!

H. C. McGinnis

A MOST difficult thing in life is always to maintain a true perspective in vital matters. This has been particularly true during the present half century when the average person has been threatened with chronic dizziness by the ever swarming new theories of living, new theories of government, new standards of existence, and even new theories about God. The past several months have caused deep concern to Americans. With eyes turned toward the European conflict and its world-wide implications, we see the picture changing almost daily. With blinding speed the Battle of France ends and the Battle of Britain begins. Scarcely have we become accustomed to the new scene when the Battle of the Mediterranean starts with campaigns on several fronts. Between glimpses at the embattled areas, we turn anxious glances toward our sister democracy, France. In addition we ponder the Far East situation where Japan threatens constantly. We must give frequent thoughts to Latin America, for we realize the terrific pressure to which our southern neighbors are subjected. It is extremely difficult to keep a true perspective with all this world-wide excitement going on, yet we must if we are to survive. This true perspective for every last American points only to the preservation of the American way of life.

The Stench of Communism

OUR most dangerous enemies are the subversive forces working in our midst. Whether or not we realize this, the subversive elements do. Their attempts to trap America in the 1940 political campaign form one of the most sordid, sickening messes in our political history. The Communists, hoping to take advantage of our pre-occupation in world

events, tried by the only methods they know—or at least the only ones they use—to make definite political gains. Their scurrilous methods got them outlawed in California in October, their actions there being so offensive the bill denying them legal status passed the State Senate with only one dissenting vote and the Legislature with only three dissensions. The Communist pre-election frauds were so numerous in Ohio they were denied a place on that State's ballot also. In New Jersey, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and some other States, the frauds were discovered too late to keep them from participating in the election as a legally recognized party but the stench of their activities still hangs heavy. Fraud, deceit, trickery, misrepresentation, and forgery were some of the proven charges.

The Pittsburgh case gives a good example of what the Reds mean by their promises of square dealing to the under-privileged. During the trials at which 30 Communists were convicted on October 31, over 900 witnesses testified their signatures to the Communist election petitions had been secured unlawfully. Many of these witnesses were unable to read or write and couldn't have signed the petitions had they wanted, but their names were there just the same. Many were Negroes who had been told they were signing to place a Negro into a local office. Others were told it was to keep their sons out of war; others were told they were signing for better work, bigger and better pensions, or anything else that sounded good at the time. If the voter signed under misrepresentation, well and good; if he refused, his name was often added by forgery. What a revelation the trial testimony must have been to those who have been toying with the idea that Communism might be an an-

swer to political rotteness! The convictions included the Communist Party chairman and the Party Secretary for Western Pennsylvania, and also a vice-president of the local of a large union operating in one of the world's biggest plants.

Citadels of Learning?

THESE nauseating exposures show the Reds in their true light and their trickery lost them much support they had previously enjoyed. But far more important was the disclosure which followed scarcely more than a month later of the extent of Communistic teachings in some of our schools and universities. The testimony of the president of Brooklyn College before a New York legislature investigating committee has a deep significance. When one considers Brooklyn College has an enrollment of nearly 12,000 students and a faculty of 500, one quickly realizes how the virus is spread after these students become leaders in their communities. Among the items submitted to the investigating committee was a publication called *The Staff*, edited by Communist faculty members. Also exhibited was one of the school's course—"Introduction to Philosophy: A Marxist Interpretation." The president explained that required reading for Communist students included "The Daily Worker," "Why Communism?" "Communist Manifesto," "Life of Karl Marx," "The Foundation of Leninism" by Stalin, and "Communism in the United States" by Earl Browder. From these items it is plain anyone desiring a comprehensive course in Communism can find it at Brooklyn College. Unfortunately, Brooklyn College does not stand alone in this respect.

That this school's students do become active in Communistic work

upon graduation was proved a week later by the conviction of Alan Shaw in Oklahoma. Shaw was graduated from Brooklyn College and had evidently learned his lessons so well he had already become, at 22, the Secretary of Oklahoma City's Communist Party. Although Oklahoma law enforcement authorities say Shaw's conviction automatically outlaws the Communist Party in that State, such automatic prohibition does not kill Communism in the minds of some of the State's citizens. However, an outlawing of Communism by the removal of its legal status is called for, not only in the States recently affected by its activities, but throughout the nation. Practically all the European democracies have found this step necessary in the present emergency and we have seen the results of France's action coming too late. With America facing her greatest crisis and with the loyal support and full co-operation of every citizen necessary, we must immediately remove the mask of legality under which many of our subversive elements operate. *Therefore our first duty in keeping a true perspective of our nation's requirements is a public demand for the banning of Communism.* As patriots we must contact our state and national representatives, both as individuals and as members of every organization to which we belong. Our Constitution provides this right in case the republic's safety is endangered, so there can be no legal excuse for toleration of this most dangerous menace. This matter calls for immediate action for, before long, America may be fighting for her very existence.

Our Part

HOWEVER, the official banning of Communism is only the first step and not the most important by any means. An official banning will only force the Reds to work more under cover and we must remember that the secret activities of only 5% of Russia's population brought about the establishment of Communism there. Naturally, when the Reds began to take over in Russia, they were in need of general support but these joiners were to be had for the ask-

ing. The same situation exists today in the United States. Whether we like to admit it or not, there exists in our midst many political, social, and economic evils which cause many American sufferers to gamble with any kind of relief from their sufferings. These people form

Night

(An Optimist's Meditation)

The golden orb sinks slowly down
the sky
And draws his clouds about for a
display,
Arranging them to catch each glint
and ray—
Then conscious that he's spellbound
ev'ry eye
He glows ablush and suddenly grows
shy—
Then rosy-veiled, he plunges on his
way.
How cold is earth! And blank in
death the day!
In gloomed despair we sadly mourn
and sigh.

But wait! A lustrous dawn comes
with the morn;
So why enhaze the sight with shim-
m'ring tears?
Wouldst thou renounce the rose for
one small thorn?
Or pluck thy life because of ill-spent
years?
From ev'ry laboring a joy is born;
*And laughs come freest following the
fears!*

Michael Mattingly.

fertile soil for all kinds of ideologies and crackpot theories and while they are today intensely loyal to our form of government they are, nevertheless, potential Red converts when the situation calls for an immediate decision. Here's where you and I become America's saviors.

It is a sad fact, but a true one, that American Communism grows from conditions in America, not in

Moscow. Our American way of life should never be such that Communism becomes a choice over Americanism. Communism should not be permitted to become even an acceptable alternative to our way of life. Yet in the minds of many it is; and in the minds of many more it appears to have most inviting features. Since the success or failure of the American way of life lies directly and solely upon you and me as equal stock-holders in the world's greatest democratic enterprise, let us look at ourselves to try to see wherein we fail. A democracy is only what its citizens make it or permit it to be; and since we know there are many unhappy conditions in our land, let us see wherein we have failed to pay the price of freedom. This is one nation where the common people control the destiny of the common people; yet, through a dalliance with our responsibilities, we are, slowly creeping toward the loss of this privilege gained through centuries of bitter struggle.

The plight of the "Okies" in our Southwest has been a matter of public interest but not of deep concern. The main effect upon the majority of us has been the reading of a few books and the seeing of a few plays which entertained us more than they caused us to think about the far reaching effects such conditions ultimately have upon the nation. These "Okies," shunted from pillar to post, with friends neither here nor there, are ripe for Communistic doctrines. They are also a fertile field for Jehovah's Witnesses who seek to destroy religion. Perhaps you and I if we were "Okies" might not become Communists or Witnesses, but we certainly would become ardent listeners to any system which promises to relieve our sufferings.

If this problem—which affects the oldest of human occupations and the bulwark of the race's existence—stopped with the "Okies" it would be bad enough, but it goes much farther. As this is being written, a House investigating committee is examining the American farm problem and the developments are startling. Big business is pre-empting the farming business. Today,

the family-size farm, upon which a man and wife could raise a family without hearing the wolf yelp every few minutes, is rapidly disappearing. In nearly every State of the Union, Big Business men are buying up small adjoining farms to form tracts of several thousand acres. These Big Business men farm as absentee landlords, placing their operations under management of especially trained farm experts who are furnished the capital to produce farm products by mass production, driving the humble farmer and his family into ruin and starvation. In one State always known for its productive farm of from 100 to 300 acres, there is one of these new farms consisting of 9000 acres and there are many more of somewhat lesser size, while 25,000 tenant farmers can not obtain farms to operate. Also, under this new development, our hundreds of thousands of farm laborers are being denied their right to earn a living, for the complete mechanization of these mass production operations calls for little manual work. How long will it be before these dispossessed tenant farmers and unhired farm laborers become another group like the "Okies," a prey to seductive schemes for more justice in man's struggle to exist?

Fatal Lethargy!

"BUT what," we ask ourselves helplessly, "can we do about such a situation?" Before we answer, let us admit we have known for some time our farm problem has been in serious shape. Rival political parties have promised sure remedies, but the results have never amounted to much. The present government is easing the strain somewhat by the extravagant granting of farm subsidies which are little more than a dignified form of public relief. This method is far from being a permanent solution, even if we can afford it a little while longer. You and I know that paying a farmer to plow under crops when millions of Americans are undernourished is not a solution worthy of the best American tradition. You and I also know that, regardless of anything else, agriculture has always been the anchor of any civilization and we

should realize, if we don't, that the uprooting and destruction of this anchor always brings a quick end to the civilization involved. We know that a permanent solution to this question is most vital and that we are far from a permanent solution, yet how much are we really concerned about it? In the first place, how many of us have read about this

Empty Envy

With envy at retiring of the day
I've watched the swallows wheel and
glide in flight.
Entranced, I've marveled at the
rhythmed might
Of those light wings that in their
graceful way
Beat slowly up the sky—then glide
and sway
Before the graceful dive from down
that height
To flit at lissom cross-tag and unite
With all the darting comrades in
their play.

Ah, envy seethed and scorched my
human pride;
You bird, with jealousy my heart
had fraught.
My vain desires begot no graceful
glide—
In trap of gravity my feet were
caught!
Yet, bird, I fooled myself in thinking
I was tied,
For, boundless is the flight and soar
of thought.

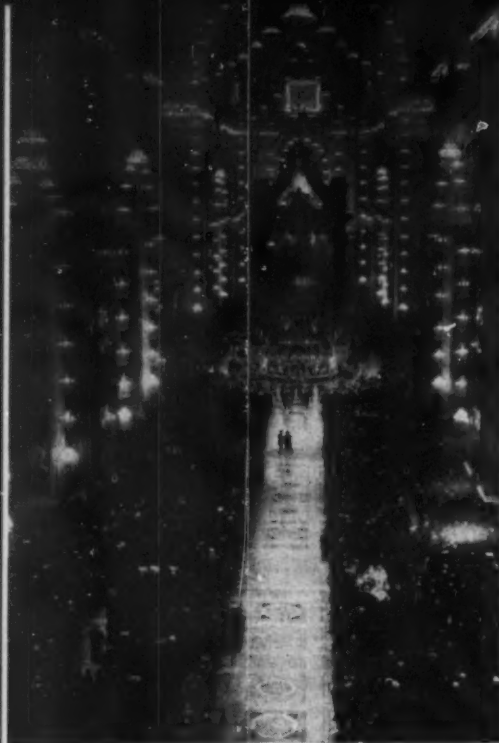
Michael Mattingly

new situation? Probably most of us passed it up in favor of the sports page, the theatrical section, the murders and the scandals, or the fashion notes. Probably hundreds of newspapers didn't even bother publishing the information, knowing from experience their readers long ago ceased to be interested in their country's problems except when most directly affecting them; that they have completely forgotten that prime American principle that eternal

vigilance is the price of liberty. How many of us who did read the item put it down with a sigh of complete hopelessness, wishing, but not wishing hard enough, there could be a just solution to the problem? Yet there is a solution: the treasures are revealed only to those who really seek them; but they are there in great abundance for those who do. You may have one solution, I may have another; but, surely, among the hundreds of millions of co-partners in this greatest human enterprise known as the American nation, some of us will come up with the correct solution. We Americans always do when we must, but the trouble is right now we don't realize just how much we must! How many of us, for instance, have taken the time from our own amusement and entertainment to study the Scandinavian co-operative system? It has worked admirably and has made those nations a paragon of peaceful and successful living. Adaptions of it can be fitted to the American scene, permitting hard pressed small farm owners, the tenant farmers, and those thousands of unhired farm laborers to make an independent living without government interference, at the same time giving an abundance of food to city workers at prices within easy reach and under a system which will not permit price gouging and the destruction of needed food to meet the supply and demand situation.

Not even the smallest business would run very long if given no more thought and study than we give to the biggest business on earth. We see injustices and inequalities under our present system rapidly breeding subversive forces, yet we seem strangely torpid about doing anything constructive about the situation. Somehow we just can't spare the time or the seriousness to keep our way of life from becoming like that of Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan or destroyed like that of France, Holland, Belgium, and several other countries. Yet we must take the time to think out these things unless we prefer to fight these conditions with bloodshed, rioting, and wholesale destruction of peace.

(To be continued)



Interior of St. Peter's, Rome,
during a canonization ceremony

The Process of Canonization

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

now on you must not ask a Pope, but pray to the Lord, etc., etc."

The readers of THE GRAIL will perhaps get the best general idea of the matter before us if they understand that it is in reality a suit at law against the seating of someone in the ranks, not of Saints, but of *canonized Saints*. An appointment made by the President of the United States elevating Justice Black to the Supreme Court of the United States, was on the point of being fought before the Supreme Court. The legal battle did not materialize. Had this matter been brought to an issue, it would, no doubt, have taken months, possibly a year or more, before the affair would have been settled.

A process of beatification or canonization is so highly technical and complex that the hypothetical juridical fight against Mr. Black referred to above, would have been, no matter how long protracted, only a replica of a legal fight in *miniature* when compared with what transpires, over a period, at times of centuries, before a Pope solemnly enters St. Peter's Basilica to beatify or canonize a Saint.

True, there are various methods or processes that are at times resorted to, as in the case of martyrs, or in the case of infants or minors who died in the odor of sanctity before they were twenty-one years old. Such was even the case in the canonization of St. Therese, the Little Flower, although she was a few years older than twenty-one; yet when all is said or written, the suit in question is a suit in law *so complex* that it necessitated one-hundred-and-forty-two canons in the New Code of Canon Law to start the functioning of this suit before the Sacred Congregation of Rites with the full apparatus of legal personalities and procedure.

The readers can also understand the magnitude of this suit at law from the pecuniary expenses entailed. The expense, on a moderate scale from the first process when a diocesan Bishop takes the matter in hand at its inception, to solemn beatification, will be not less than twenty-thousand dollars.

IT IS OF DAILY occurrence that unbelievers scoff at the idea of venerating God's servants, the Saints, by venerating their images or pictures, while they themselves do not hesitate to preserve photographs of their own friends, hang them upon walls of their homes, and decorate them with flowers and wreaths, especially on Decoration Day. Catholics are called idolaters for such behavior, whereas unbelievers call themselves humane, gentle and sympathetic, for similar conduct.

It does not speak well for our century that ignorance of this kind is manifested, especially so, when the Pope of Rome beatifies or canonizes God's Saints. "How can the Pope tell, how can he know that such or such a one is in heaven? And they say that the Pope is infallible even on this point."

Pope Pius X was asked not so very many years ago, by parishioners of Ars in France, that he canonize their former holy pastor, Saint John Baptiste Vianney. The Pope told these good people: "Of himself the Pope knows nothing about these matters. God Almighty must demonstrate it all to the Pope by the necessary miracles which Canon Law requires for canonization. Why ask us? Why not ask God that he make known to us by undeniable miracles as to what His Divine wish may be? From

The process from beatification to canonization will easily exceed thirty-thousand dollars.

Nor does this expense include the expense due to public solemnities in the Vatican Basilica which on the occasion of the canonization of St. Anthony Maria Zaccaria by Pope Leo XIII amounted to \$42,000 and a little over that sum. The writer of these lines was present on this occasion. He recalls seeing various people, among them a Franciscan in his monastic robes with white cord, being lifted by Vatican soldiery high in the air, over the heads of some 50,000 people. A number of spectators had collapsed and were being carried to one of the hospitals erected temporarily in various parts of the immense Basilica, where physicians and nurses took care of them.

What if a crowd like that would scare and stampede? That is impossible. The writer's ticket called for a certain square formed by soldiery with fixed bayonettes. With about 99 other persons you are inclosed in such a square. Even the hysterical cry of one collapsing in a faint will not affect you, for you see the borders of *your square* lined with bayonettes. This assures against a general fright and stampede.

What causes so many to collapse on such an occasion? The spectacle that greets your eyes as the Supreme Pontiff is carried high in his *sedia gestatoria* wearing the triple crown of the Papacy, and the shout from thousands of throats "Viva il Papa Re" ("Long live the Pope and King") interrupted only by the solemn, sweet but weird tones of Palestrina's "Tu es Petrus," all is so strange to nerves of people never having been witness to anything like that before that weak people are apt to faint.

But what causes the enormous expense that the suit at law itself calls for? The appointment of special officials, the calling to Rome of all witnesses necessary; the printing of documents that will fill a large portion of a library; the investigation by lawyers, physicians and theologians who look into the nature of the miracles and the writings of a

Servant of God, all contribute to these expenses.

The writer has walked the floors of the Apostolic Chancery often and long enough to catch a glimpse of the labors of the Sacred Congregations, even when there was no such suit at law in progress of which this article treats. The writer saw lawyers, men of family, perspiration falling from their brows, bending over their books making entries of this or that business, and this the writer saw in the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments.

Our own government at Washington, as well as any other government in this world, are only *miniatures* when compared with the functioning apparatus of government in the Catholic Church. The Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of Faith is constantly, day and night, in touch with every part of the world and the telegraph clickers and the *fachini*, the runners on wheels, are forever busy carrying their messages. It stands to reason since all other governments are but miniatures of this government, which the Lord called a "mustard seed to become an immense tree," that the weekly payroll the Vatican authorities must handle exceeds the weekly pay-rolls of other governments. The army of laymen with families, who help the Holy Father, the Cardinals and Bishops and priests in the government of the Church at Rome in various capacities is so large, the weekly expense to the Church is immense. Take but the one Sacred Congregation called the Consistorial. It has all Bishops throughout the world and all dioceses under its immediate jurisdiction. Its labors extend and cover the entire globe. The writer has always marvelled that the Vicars of Jesus Christ, the successors of St. Peter, who, as a rule, are men up in years, are able to stand a strain of this nature.

From what has been stated thus far it is quite apparent that only a most general outline can be given on processes of beatification and canonization. Due to want of space this general outline must be limited entirely to the *preliminaries* in this suit at law. Up and until the Pope signs the so-called

Pope Pius XI on his throne in St. Peter's for a canonization



"commission" transferring all to the *Cardinals* of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, up to that point in such a juridical battle, the Pope has taken no official cognizance of the matter. Only then, when the Pope has signed the "commission" does the matter before us become an *Apostolic Process*.

In an *Apostolic Process* the labors begin anew. But the battle has now been transferred to the ranks of the Dignitaries who wear the crimson red and the purple. Back to the diocese of "first instance" where the matter originated they now go. Theologians and lawyers scan every line that was written by the Servant of God, even his or her private letters if such are on hand. They who oppose have at their side a most learned dignitary, the Promoter of the Faith, for canonization means showing a public cult and public veneration in our churches to a Servant of God. This Promoter of the Faith, who resembles our prosecutors in court, and enjoys the picturesque title of *Advocatus Diaboli*, the "Devil's advocate," has been busy throughout the preliminaries since the matter first reached the attention of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. From now on he becomes desperate, using every known means in law to keep a Servant of God from our altars. How desperate he can become, using only legitimate canonical means, the following two examples of our age will reveal.

In 1824 there died at Muenster, Westphalia, Germany, an Augustinian Nun by name of Anna Catherine Emmerich who died in the odor of sanctity. She had even received from God the sacred stigmata, even to the marks of the thorns. In 1892 the Bishop of Muenster introduced her cause for canonization before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Forty-six years have elapsed and if the Catholic world be correctly informed by what our American reporters call "flashes" or "breaks" it would seem that the prosecutor or Promoter of Faith is holding up the Servant of God's canonization because of one Clemens Maria Brentano, a famous poet, considered by some the most *romantic* poet of many an age.

It was to Clemens Maria Brentano the Servant of God dictated the revelations made to her by God. As early as 1833 Brentano published his "The Dolorous Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the Meditations of Anna Catherine Emmerich." In 1852 Brentano prepared for publication the "Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary." And, from Brentano's manuscripts, a Father Schmoeger published in 1881 the "Life of Our Lord" in three volumes.

It is just possible, if we can rely on rumors, that the writings of Brentano based on Anna Catherine Emmerich's notes and verbal dictations, will have

to be sifted, judged, and sentence passed upon their correctness and reliability. No doubt, this Servant of God will then be canonized, for the weapons of opposition used by the Promoter of Faith will then have become of no avail.

Another instance that shows us how canonizations are held up by the Promoter of Faith in Rome is the canonization of St. Alphonsus, Bishop of Naples and Doctor of the Church. He was canonized in 1839. By an error the Saint and Doctor of the Church congratulated Voltaire, the arch-atheist, for having returned to the Church. Unless the writer be badly mistaken St. Alphonsus and Voltaire made their first holy communion together at a Jesuit College. Voltaire seems to have been a fallen away seminarian, who had studied for the priesthood. At any rate, St. Alphonsus knew Voltaire *personally*, and endeavored through letters to persuade Voltaire to give up his diabolical teachings. In this St. Alphonsus failed, but not entirely, for we know that Voltaire called for a priest on his death-bed. The priest was not allowed to enter the place where Voltaire was dying, and a bedstead is yet shown that bears the imprint of Voltaire's teeth, as he bit into it in utter despair. The writer is not aware of what the Promoter of Faith may have had to say relative to St. Alphonsus's inability to change Voltaire and his error about Voltaire's conversion.

But the writer is aware, that the Saintly Doctor of the Church was being opposed even at the moment when the Pope had pen in hand, ready to sign the documents of canonization. "How can a man, no matter how saintly he may otherwise have been, be placed on our altars when the man was addicted to the use of tobacco?" thundered the *Advocatus Diaboli*. St. Alphonsus, who became a nonagenarian, is known to have used snuff. Upon this remark the Pope that canonized St. Alphonsus dipped his pen into the ink-stand remarking, "We here solemnly canonize Alphonsus Liguori." In 1871 St. Alphonsus was proclaimed Doctor of the Universal Church by Pope Pius IX.

What has been stated in this article thus far was aimed at throwing light on a highly technical matter. As the reader understands from these lines the writer has been avoiding the *technicalities*. However, we must not omit here a sort of bird's-eye view of the *preliminaries*. Not much can be said by a writer relative to the *Apostolic Process*, after the Pope has signed the "commission." In an *Apostolic Process* all are under oath, and years and centuries may pass while the men in purple, and they wearing the crimson red, are wrangling over the matter. The object of such a hotly con-

tested suit at law is not to condemn a Servant of God, or to question his saintly life, but the object is to keep him or her *from our altars*.

The preliminary step in any process of canonization is for the interested parties to petition for the examination of the case before competent ecclesiastical authority. This, in the first instance, is the Bishop of the place where the Servant of God died, or in which the reputed miracles were performed. The Bishop now must order three things, 1) that all writings of the Servant of God, regardless of their nature, be collected. 2) That all possible information of the virtues and miracles, or martyrdom of the Servant of God be collected. The witnesses called must now give full information concerning, not only the Servant of God, but also of *themselves*. They will be cross-examined with questions that have been drawn up by the Promoter of Faith. 3) The Bishop must institute a process for the purpose of proving that no public cult has hitherto been paid to the Servant of God.

When all these *diocesan preliminaries* have been completed the documents and all findings are forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome. *Preliminaries* once more begin for the "In-

troduction of the Cause before the Congregation of Sacred Rites." This is really an act of the Pope. It is he who decides whether or not further consideration should be given to a case.

If after a thorough examination of all, the Sacred Congregation of Rites finds that a *formal* introduction of the cause is advisable, it is proposed at one of the ordinary meetings of this Congregation, and the question of a "commission" is now discussed.

If it was found advisable that the Supreme Pontiff be asked according to Canon Law "to sign a commission" he does not appoint one, for the competent judges who make up the body are the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and these have been appointed long ago and for long terms, as has the Promoter of Faith and his assistants. The Apostolic Process *now only begins* if the "commission" is signed by the Pope. Cardinals now are disputing *for or against*. When the discussion ends no one knows. If it ends favorably to the Servant of God, steps are now taken for the solemn canonization by the Pope in St. Peter's Basilica.

Prayers Answered

The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., whose cause for canonization is proceeding rapidly, continues to grant remarkable help to those who invoke him. The Holy Father is now being petitioned to sign officially the commission to investigate formally the works of this virtuous lay-brother. A holy picture bearing his photo and a prayer to God for his glorification will be sent to any who ask for it. Please send an addressed and stamped envelope to the Reverend Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Ind.

Recent Favors Granted through prayer to Brother Meinrad:

Through the intercession of Brother Meinrad I received immediate relief from a severe stomach ailment. I promised publication of the cure and a Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad. K.

Through the prayers of the Servant of God, Brother Meinrad, I was completely cured of an infection in the leg. Sincere thanks to Brother Meinrad. Publication of the favor was promised. B.

Most sincere thanks to Brother Meinrad, through whose intercession I have been cured from a hemorrhage of the lungs. V.

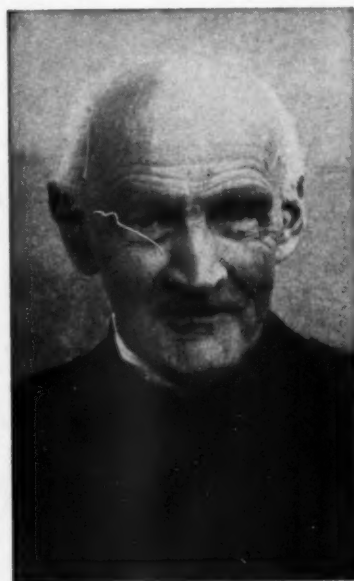
Through the intercession of Brother Meinrad and of the Poor Souls I received help in dire need. Publication was promised. L. S.

Due to the intercession of Brother Meinrad I underwent a dangerous parturition without loss of the child, whose life was endangered. Publication was promised. A. F.

For many years I suffered much from stomach and intestinal troubles. I had recourse to Brother Meinrad. After a short time I experienced a surprising improvement of my condition. L.

My cousin was critically ill with a poisoning of the bone in her leg. The doctors had little hope of her recovery, as she had an extremely high temperature. On the 22nd she had a temperature of 106. On that day I had a medal of St. Benedict placed on her clothing, and I also put her in the care of Brother Meinrad, asking that he intercede for her and if it be the will of God, she might be spared. On the 24th her change for the better was remarkable. The fever has now left her, and she is well on the way to recovery. O. S.

Brother Meinrad helped me promptly. I promised to have a Holy Mass said for his glorification. Kindly publish this, since I promised to have it done. B. E. T.



Br. Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B.

Forty Days After

Frederick Walsh, O.S.B.

IN THE DAYS that are passed and are passing, liturgical mysteries of the sublimest character are being presented to our consideration, and not if the Church can help it, will her children fail to keep before their minds and in their hearts those blessed events that went to make up the great work of the world's redemption. Among all these mysteries, however, that are crowding quickly upon each other, there is, I think, scarcely a more touching incident in the story of Our Savior's infancy than that of the first sorrow of Our Blessed Mother. In order to appreciate something of the overwhelming grief that crushed Our Lady's heart and made each pulse one living throb of pain, it is necessary that we contemplate this incomparable scene in the beauty of its setting and view this sad and somber picture in the shadow of its frame.

Forty days had come and gone since the Light of the world came shivering through the darkness of Bethlehem's bleak, unsheltered cave. Forty days had passed since the first glimmer of the dawn had broken, for which kings and patriarchs and prophets had prayed and sighed, and which heralded the beginning of the day of salvation.

Already the shepherds from Judean hills had left their flocks on the mountain and gone in search

of the Lamb of God, who had sought refuge in a crude haven that served as a shelter for sheep. Already the Kings of the Eastern lands had come in their oriental splendor and flung their treasures down before the Infant King of Kings.

It was now the second day of February, and in accordance with the precept of the Jewish Law, Mary, the immaculate Mother of God, purer than the driven Alpine snow, was bringing her first-born Son to the Temple to present Him to the Eternal Father and to submit herself to those legal rites of purification which were prescribed and written in the Law of Moses.

The priest serving in the Temple at that time was the aged Simeon whom God had kept especially to be witness of that offering and of that day. This devout Israelite, bearing the burdens of life's gray age, was happy in the hope and expectation of a blessed

promise that his weary eyes should never close in death until they had looked upon the Word made Flesh.

When Our Blessed Mother laid the Divine Child in his trembling hands, a throb of joy went through her maternal heart as Simeon intoned that beautiful canticle, the "*Nunc Dimittis*." "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy



word in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel." But Mary's joy was not to be of long duration; it was too soon to fail, and to fade into sorrow, for it was nothing less than awful words that were beginning to form themselves upon the priest's prophetic lips. "This Child," said he, "is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign that shall be contradicted, and thy own soul a sword shall pierce that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

As a lightning flash illumines for a moment the darkness of the night, so Simeon's prophetic words lit up before Mary's tearful eyes the terrors of Calvary's awful agony. Sharp and bitter though that announcement was, keen and poignant as a two-edged sword, yet Mary bowed her head in willing acceptance and without a pause renewed her "*Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*"

Having made the requisite offering—one turtle-dove as a holocaust and another for sin—she received her Divine Child back into her arms and

pressed Him to her resigned, but bleeding heart. Well might she say now with the Spouse of the Canticle: "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me," for myrrh, used in embalming bodies, foreshadowed the suffering and death that would befall her Son.

When Mary came to leave the sacred precincts of the holy Temple, her heart had already begun to be broken. Already the Cross, beneath whose outstretched arms she would one day stand on Calvary, began to throw its shadow athwart her path through life. But Mary loved to live under that shadow, for it fell in the form of a blessing, and consecrated the tears of her affliction. With Joseph and the Child she wended her heart-broken way back along the rugged road that led towards Bethlehem. There amidst the obscurity and serenity of their sequestered home, where no one noticed them but God, an Angel appeared to Joseph in a dream and bade him fly with Mary and her Child across the southern sands to far-off Egypt. A new dolour was about to swell the tide of lifelong sorrow that was already dashing and breaking against Mary's broken heart.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

NOT PATENTED



"Jesus seeing the thoughts of their heart." —St. Luke 9:47.

LIKE father, like son. Man is a son of God. God is the Creator. His sons and daughters are born creators, as is attested by Patent No. 1234567890. The crown of God's creation is man. The crown of man's creative genius and productive powers is to collaborate with the Creator in forming human beings—in furnishing the material for the human bodies into which God can breathe a spirit like Himself, an individual, immortal, human soul. God formed Adam's body from the dust of the earth. From this body He formed the body of his helpmate, Eve. Since then God has created no more human bodies. He entrusts this stupendous power, this unique privilege to His human beings that have come in an unbroken chain from the parents of the whole human race, Adam and Eve.

God, in giving man this creative power, has clearly defined the conditions under which he may lawfully exercise it—only in true wedlock. But God does not force husband and wife to use it. He has left it to their own free choice whether or not He shall have more children in His heavenly kingdom, whether or not innumerable beings are to be granted the grace of everlasting existence and its accompanying overflowing measure of felicity. In this divine partnership God would have parents cooperate with Him with the same noble, disinterested, self-sacrificing spirit that causes Him to pour out happiness from His unlimited store into these God-man-made human vessels. When God will balance His books on judgment day what will His records show? Will this creative partnership be dissolved and bankruptcy declared, or will God's noble copartners be pensioned for all eternity? You are answering that question now.

The Unique but Overplayed Flagellants

Rev. Wm. Schaefers, Litt. M.

I WAS the guest one summer of the hospitable Franciscan Fathers at the Jemes Pueblo in New Mexico. That summer I had the opportunity to gather first-hand information about the notorious "Los Penitentes," or "Flagellantes," of New Mexico—a religious sect existing among the Spanish and Mexican people. Their Good Friday processions, supposedly very bloody affairs, have been a bonanza for roving journalists; their stories dealing with the Flagellants are a strange mixture of truth and fiction—about twenty per cent truth and eighty per cent fiction.

Some writers would have us believe that the Flagellants are the offspring of degenerate monks who secretly practised unbelievably strange pieties and indulged with zest in murderous self-floggings and scourgings; that they are men who have secret signs by which they know each other for Flagellants and whose diversities of social and economic standings are sunk in devotion to their strange and terrifying calling.

Not a few writers on the subject climax their stories with a dramatic paragraph describing the crucifixion of one of the Flagellants. Such stories probably haunt the gullible reader and punish him with dreams that break the night for him into fitful flurries of slumber; he cannot shake the thing off; he has read too much about the Flagellants, about the hundreds, nay, the thousands of human lives that have blossomed and withered and perished in the remote and untraveled corners of New Mexico, repeating and repeating, generation after generation, and century after century, the bloody Lent processions, lashing and scourging their bodies unmercifully to satisfy their splendid mania for doing penance.

Flagellants do exist in New Mexico, but in limited numbers; and only a small percentage of them practice self-flogging, spilling their blood—but not in tub-full quantities.

In the ecclesiastical archives at Santa Fe are kept the documents which record the whole history of the Flagellants. The substance of that history is as follows: the Third Order secular was founded by the illustrious Saint Francis of Assisi, in 1221, in Italy. Sometime between 1692 and 1695 the Third Order was established in Santa Fe and in

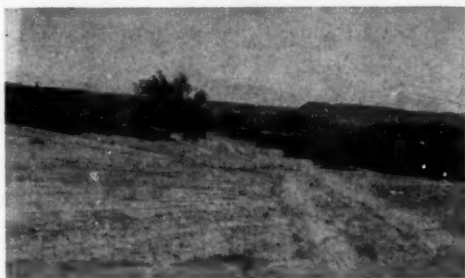
Santa Cruz de la Canada. The Spanish name for it was "La Tercera Orden de Penitentes." A Franciscan institution, the Church ruled that the Order in New Mexico could be governed only by the Padres.

The ancient Lay Order is in existence in numerous Catholic parishes throughout the world. Men and women living in the world are members of it. The Order has its special feast days and a religious rule that is compatible with life in the world. The Order exhorts its members to strive for greater spiritual perfection by encouraging prayers and devotions, frequent or daily holy communion and attendance at holy Mass, little acts of self-denial and mortification, and so forth. In New Mexico, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, members were privileged to wear the Franciscan habit at services during Holy Week of Lent.

When the Mexican government virtually drove the Padres out of New Mexico in 1821, the La Tercera Orden de Penitentes automatically ceased to have canonical existence. But by and by there came into existence a society of men who called themselves "Los Penitentes." The society spread throughout New Mexico and into southern Colorado. There was no canonical relationship between this upstart society and the original Third Order. The latter was a true religious Order authorized by the Church and one whose members were placed under the direction and guidance of the Padres; while the upstart society was purely a secular-instituted affair, having its own authorities and constitution. The Church had nothing to do with it. In fact, she forbade membership in it because (1) it was a secret society, (2) its leaders were apostates, (3) its members practised religious fanaticism and neglected their ordinary church duties. Members of the upstart society were divided into two classes: the high-caste and the low-caste Flagellants; those of "La Luz" ("The Light")—consisting of the chief Brother and his aides; and those of "De las Tinieblas" ("Of the Darkness")—consisting of the common members. The men of "The Light" wore their dress, while the men "Of the Darkness" wore only their trousers and had their faces masked. Meetings were held in a hall called the "Morado."

It was in the morado that the "La Luz" made all

arrangements for the Good Friday processions—for the flagellations, the carrying of the crosses, the singing of psalms, etc. The flagellants were given scourges, some of which terminated in a prickly pear articulation. The naked backs of the flagellants were rubbed violently with pieces of flint at the place where the lash would strike in order to make sure of a copious flowing of blood without too much pain. The cross bearers were



given heavy wooden crosses to carry. When all was in readiness, the procession started. First came the flagellants, then the cross bearers, next the directors who chanted the psalms, next the men whose duty it was to drag heavy iron chains over the ground, next the musicians who played on cracked flutes, and finally came the women saying their beads—the whole a weird procession.

Imagine it: the sound of the falling scourges and the sight of the bleeding bare backs of the flagellants...the dark and pinched faces of the leaded-footed cross bearers...their bodies bending under the load...the black forms of the lanky, masked men dragging heavy chains over the ground...clanging and rattling chains...the psalmists and their discordant paeans of chant...flutists blowing into cracked flutes whose every note tortured the ear...withered looking women half-wrapped in dirty blankets and shawls...their monotonous, lifeless, spiritless mumbling of the beads...men and women, all bare-footed...an utter, complete absence of harmony of color, of voices, of step. The procession presented an ugly ecstasy of religious fanaticism.

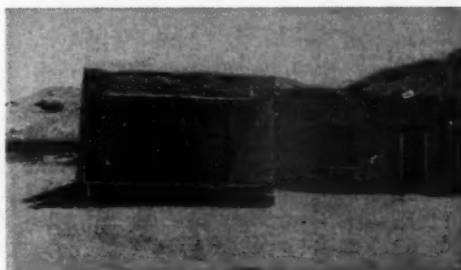
Processions took place every Friday during Lent and on the last three days of Holy Week. They started at the Morado and ended at a designated spot, marked with a wooden cross. Neither heat,

nor hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, nor pain could cool the ardor of the flagellants. They were fiercely religious on such occasions—and only on such occasions. But never did they crucify to death one of their members. They committed no such criminal extravagances. Archbishop Salpointe, of Tucson, later of Santa Fe, in his book, "Soldiers of Jesus Christ," tells us that he never knew or heard of a single instance where a flagellant was crucified to death.

In the nineteenth century the flagellants were numerous, especially in what are now the countries of San Miguel, Mora, Rio Arriba, Taos, and San Fidel. But with the coming of Bishops to Santa Fe (the first was Bishop Lamy, in 1850), the Church took measures to put an end to the Los Penitentes. In their pastoral letters, the Santa Fe Bishops denounced them and forbade Catholics to join their society. They pronounced anathemas. As a result, the society, although not abolished, was very much weakened. Today only scattered members may be

found at Mora, at San Fidel, and in the Cabezon country. Their processions are spineless compared with what they used to be.

On one occasion, whilst on a visit with one of the Padres to an outlying station in the Cabezon country, I heard the bell in a nearby morado ring out at the same time that the Padre was



- 1) Mesa-flanked Cabezon (New Mexico) Main Street, once a stronghold of the Penitentes.
- 2) The heavy cross used in Good Friday processions. The Morado at Guadalupe, New Mexico, Church of the Flagellants.
- 3) Abandoned saloon and store in Cabezon, New Mexico, where the Penitentes drank and shopped.

ringing the bell in his little adobe mission church. I watched the entrance to the morado, counted five flagellants as they straggled in. At Guadalupe, also in the Cabezon country, I visited a morado. The building is seldom used.

The Gentleman *desires* Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

CHAPTER VIII

TUESDAY NOON!

It was one of the few times Baxter invited Martha to have lunch at his home. Their morning's work at the hospital finished, he decided they could relax a spell before going to his office where three hours booked with special appointments awaited him. Oddly enough, he felt cheerful, this despite the fact that he had early that morning performed two major operations. He seemed unworried while they drove to his home, while he watched Martha pilot the car. Being his chauffeur was getting to be a habit with her, or at least she thought so.

Toyo, who knew they were coming,—Baxter telephoned him before leaving the hospital—had an elaborate lunch prepared, but they never ate it. Nor were they to have supper. From the moment they entered his home events were to happen so fast that there would be no time to think or worry about prosaic matter like food or drink. Now were Baxter's

words to Father Hubert to come true in a pronounced degree. "Things are always happening to me," he had said, "things seemingly different than those that happen to others." Indeed, he probably would never realize the depths of the truth he struck.

They had walked into the parlor when the doctor saw his daughter lying on the davenport and heard her sobbing aloud. He went to her immediately, left Martha to stand at the door. But the girl, when she raised her head and noticed the nurse, sprang suddenly to her feet and ran to her room. Baxter followed, caught her as she threw herself on her bed.

"Here, here, control yourself," he said sharply. "Crying like a baby won't help you. What's the matter with you?"

The girl wrapped her arms around him, buried her head in his coat. "Dad, I'm scared stiff," she moaned. "I don't know what's going to happen to me. I—I—" The sobbing choked her voice.

He stroked her head, laid her gently on the bed, then sat beside her. "Being scared stiff is only part of the price," he said evenly. "Motherhood doesn't come without fear, without pain. You might have thought of that before you were so liberal with yourself."

Frances, though she covered her face with a pil-

low, clung to his coat sleeve, dug her fingers into the cloth until the force of her grip drained the blood from her hands. "You've got to stand by me. I'll die if you don't." She raised her head. "You're all I've got."

Baxter thought he caught her meaning. Picking her up, he twisted her around so that he could see her face. "Has your lover skipped town?" he demanded.

"I don't know what he's done," she answered fitfully. "Dad, I can't understand it. He won't answer my letters; he won't answer the phone. This morning I called his home, and his father said he hasn't been home all night, and he can't imagine where the boy went. I'm—I'm afraid he ran away!"

The doctor's scowl betrayed more pity than anger. "I'd like to learn who the devil is," he muttered. "Give me his name; I'll find him; I'll have a showdown with him. Why are you hiding him anyway?"

"How can I hide him now when I haven't even an idea where he is?" The girl tried to compose herself. "I believed in him; I believed he'd keep his word. But he won't let me get in touch with him. Dad, if you could find him, if you'd promise you wouldn't hurt him—"

"Well, I don't suppose I'd kill him." It was nearly a promise. "I want a talk with him, and I'll find him somehow if you will tell me who I'm to look for. You said you talked to his father. Does his father know what he has done?"

"No," answered the girl. "At least I don't think so. He's afraid of his father."

"Well, who is the father?" Baxter exclaimed.

Frances wilted, sank to the pillow. "His name is Lederer, Lloyd Lederer," she said weakly. "He owns a haberdashery on Cottage Grove Avenue."

Baxter blanched. "Lederer? Lederer?" He repeated the name in an incredibly thin voice. "Was he ever in the army?"

The girl bobbed her head affirmatively. "Bobby used to say his father was in the aviation corps during the war, if that's what you mean. Bobby is his oldest boy—oh, dad, you've got to find him and bring him back to me!"

The doctor ran a sweaty hand over his cold brow, clamped his teeth into his tongue lest a bitter sardonic laugh fall from his lips.

Martha and Toyo saw him leave the girl's room and disappear into his own. Another minute later he was in the hall separating the parlor from the kitchen buttoning his overcoat, pulling his hat low over his eyes. "I'm going out," he announced. "I've got business to attend to, and I'm not returning until it's settled. 'I've got—'"

"Oh, but wait," Martha interrupted. "You can't

just walk out like that. Where are you going?" Her fear manifested itself.

"Never mind where I'm going," he answered. "You go on home and forget about any more work for today. Toyo, you watch Frances, and don't you dare to let her leave the house."

Martha grabbed his arm. "Paul, don't be ridiculous! Can't you explain? The nurse on duty at the retreat house phoned here while you were with the girl, and she said Sister Agatha has taken a turn for the worse. She's worried, and she has begged that you come right over. I told her I'd send you immediately. You can't walk out now and not even tell us where you're going. Paul, be sensible."

"Sister Agatha?" he muttered with a disgusted air. "She would!"

"You can't fail her," pleaded the nurse. "Paul, I'll run down to the office and cancel all the appointments. I'll tell them to return tomorrow or Thursday. You take your car and hurry to Hinsdale."

"But I've got business to settle," he insisted. "I've got—" His voice cracked as Martha handed him his medical bag. "All right, I'll go. I'll attend to the business later." With that he grabbed the bag and rushed from the room.

As the door slammed behind him, Martha and Toyo descended on Frances, plied her with questions to which answers were imperative. Piecing together the threads of her story they grasped the full significance of the business Baxter said he had to settle. The Japanese then dashed to the doctor's room, ransacked the compartments of his dresser and chiffonier, returned shaken to Martha's side.

"We've got to stop him!" he exclaimed. "His gun is missing!"

Frances shrieked.

Martha grimly quieted her own emotions. "You stay here, Toyo," she said firmly. "You watch the girl. I'll go after Paul. I'll get a taxicab, and I'll catch him at the retreat house. I won't let him do anything rash."

Sister Agatha's turn for the worse was not quite as serious as the nurse who attended her imagined. She did have a slight relapse, but she responded favorably to the doctor's ministrations. Toward the end of the hour and a half he spent at her bedside, she regained complete consciousness, chided him for worrying too greatly about her, told him she would never forget him in her prayers. While she talked to him he wondered whether it had been God's plan to bring him to her cell, stay him from the errand on which he first determined. He had murder in his heart when he left his home—but the sudden urge to kill had dissipated itself in the small cell whose very walls breathed holiness. This room was in his beloved retreat, in the one place

on earth where he could once or twice a year catch a glimpse of the peace for which his soul hungered. Thoughts of murder were horrendously hideous there; they froze the marrow in his spine. He resolved, soon as his work and watching were done, he would go to the chapel and with a burst of pent emotions lay his grief before the Lord in the tabernacle.

Sister Rosa and Sister Angelica, who hovered near, were moved to grateful tears when he assured them their superior would definitely recover. With their thanks ringing in his ears, he left the rear part of the house, crossed the kitchen to the parlor where he expected to meet Father Hubert. But the priest was not alone when he entered the room; Martha was there, too. The priest and the nurse eyed him with suspicious glances; it was the first time he saw the retreat master sans his usual cordiality. He needed only to look at them to read their minds. Furthermore, Martha's presence was sufficient to betray the purpose of their united stand. Therefore, without uttering a word, he reached for his overcoat on a wall hanger, and from its right hand pocket he pulled out a Colt automatic and surrendered the weapon to the nurse.

"Thanks, Paul." She wept as she passed the gun to the priest who fingered it gingerly and carried it off to the kitchen. "I had hoped you'd come to your senses."

Father Hubert, returning almost immediately, put an arm around the doctor's shoulder, held it there while he walked with him to the library. For Baxter, words were useless. He was with friends, extraordinary friends; explanations were not in order.

"Stay here until you have pulled yourself together," said the priest. He picked up a rosary from a prie-dieu on the lecture platform. "Here, recite a few beads. It will help you to calm your nerves."

Baxter declined the offer. "I'm all right now," he said slowly. "Just let me spend a few minutes alone in the chapel, and then I'll go back home." Saying that, he retraced his steps down the hall.

Inside the chapel he knelt a long while at the communion rail where he prayed a prayer without words. When at last he took his gaze off the tabernacle and rose to his feet, Martha slipped in quietly and came to his side.

"Come, I'll drive you home," she said.

He nodded, allowed her to lead him.

While Baxter brooded over the irony that leaped into his life and while he pondered the misery it caused him, another person fell prostrate before a blow that seemed entirely unwarranted and un-

reasonable. That person was Irene.

Lydia, a colored maid, wondering why her mistress was unusually silent in her boudoir, ventured to investigate,—the time coincided with Baxter's arrival at the retreat house—and she grew terribly frightened when she saw the dancer lying unconscious on her bed. A quick glance revealed Irene had been weeping; her cheeks were still wet. On the floor was a letter, the letter Baxter wrote.

Failing to revive her mistress by every method familiar to lay persons, Lydia became alarmed, hurriedly telephoned a neighborhood doctor. He arrived within a few minutes—but not even his efforts could restore Irene to consciousness. Though her pulse and her heart beat with apparent regularity, she was as still as death. Trying to determine the reason for her condition, he examined her thoroughly. However, not until he picked up the letter and read it did he conclude that a severe emotional shock explained her coma.

For two hours he worked over her, used the utmost of his knowledge and skill, and he failed to accomplish his task. Then he decided that he alone was helpless, that he must call a consultant. A hurried message to a colleague brought that individual in great haste—but nothing resulted. Together, learned and experienced though they were, they yet were unable to revive the girl. She lay in a sleep that refused awakening.

When three hours had passed and they were far from a successful end to their work, Dr. Lyons, whom Lydia telephoned first, suggested Irene be removed to a hospital. Dr. Englebrecht, his colleague, agreed to the suggestion and personally telephoned St. Cyprian's Hospital, requested an ambulance be immediately dispatched.

Toyo met them at the foot of the stairs when they returned to Baxter's home. Martha instantly sensed he was there to give the doctor an urgent message, and she waited anxiously for him to speak. Baxter, now quite composed, simply raised an inquiring glance.

"I just heard from Flo Wilmar," said the Japanese. "Something has happened to Irene Dumont. Flo doesn't know exactly what, but they have the girl at St. Cyprian's, and Flo begged me to tell you to go there. She said she'd be there herself in a very short while."

"Miss Dumont?" Martha suppressed a cry. "What could have happened to her?"

"How in the world would I know?" Baxter frowned. "What's the matter with Flo, anyway? There are other doctors."

"Bah!" muttered Toyo. "Flo wouldn't phone if she thought you—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the doctor. "I'm not going. If she's in a hospital, she's in safe hands. Why should I go when I haven't the least knowledge as to what is wrong with the girl? Didn't Flo give you any details?"

"None," said the Japanese. "She only said that Lydia, that's Irene's maid, phoned her from the hospital and told her Irene has been unconscious for four hours. And that's all she could tell me."

"Four hours?" Martha felt a slight nervousness. "Paul, it must be serious."

"Well, what do you expect me to do?" he asked. "If she's in a hospital, it's evident she already has doctors around her. Who am I to walk in on their case? They would resent it. They haven't called me, and Flo certainly has no right to do that for them."

Toyo shrugged his shoulders, mumbled a few inaudible words under his breath, started to climb upstairs. Baxter followed after him but stopped when he saw Martha remain below.

"St. Cyprian's is only a mile from here," she said resolutely. "I'm going there to see what happened. It won't hurt to find out. Anyway, I won't let Miss Wilmar think we both let her down."

Baxter sighed, descended. "All right, you win," he said somberly. "I'll go along."

It surprised him to learn when they reached the hospital that Dr. Lyons had already telephoned his office and home in an effort to locate him and bring him to Irene's bedside. Flo Wilmar told him that when she met him in the lobby, told him also Lydia's version of the events that afternoon. While the club owner spoke, Martha tried to piece together what Baxter had done, what the other events were that led to this sorry end. She saw the doctor profoundly shaken, saw that he tried to conceal his feelings, and she wondered what he would do next.

"All right, let's go up." He beckoned the nurse to follow him. "Flo, you stay here until I ask for you, if that should be necessary." He paused. "Probably nothing more than emotional hysteria. May have to force her to her senses."

But he had different thoughts when they stepped off the elevator and entered Room 710. There he paled as he advanced toward the bed on which Irene lay in her long coma. She appeared unearthly beautiful, like some creature born of a singular imagination. To look at her was to experience an eerie sensation.

"Glad you came," said Dr. Lyons, nodding his greeting. "I tried to reach you, but couldn't." He gestured with his hand. "This is Doctor George Englebrecht. This lady, I presume, she is your nurse."

"Yes." Baxter's tone was one of uncommon sobriety. "This is Miss Walsha. Doctor Englebrecht? How do you do! Sorry I never had the pleasure of meeting you before. Doctor Lyons is an old friend of mine, but, unfortunately, he has not yet introduced me to all his friends."

Dr. Englebrecht edged forward, offered his hand. "Glad to see you, Doctor Baxter," he said. "I'm of the opinion you're the only one who can really do anything here. Peculiar case! Needs more psychology than medicine. Something snapped in the girl's mind. Won't respond. Emotional shock."

"So I gather from what I have already heard." Baxter stared sadly at the face of the dancer. "My doing brought on the shock. I would have never thought she'd take it that hard. What have you tried?"

"Everything," said Dr. Lyons. "Everything that reasonably could be tried. As Doctor Englebrecht says, it's a peculiar case. Pulse, heart, respiration, normal. No marks or bruises on the body, nothing to indicate possible injury. Everything normal, except the coma. Can't explain it. Emotional hysteria could cause it—but it should have worn off by now."

"I say, something snapped in the girl's mind," repeated Englebrecht. "This is unnatural, almost pathological. But it's not pathological; too many evidences against it. It's simply that she was unequal to a tremendous, sudden shock."

"Shock?" Baxter rolled his tongue over his dry lips. "No! No, not as you mean it. A broken heart, grief, a broken dream." He leaned forward, put a hand on the girl's brow. "I know. I know what I've done."

"Well, there's no reason for despair," said Lyons. "This may last for several more hours, but, eventually, she must come to, respond. I suggest we do what we can to make her comfortable, and wait. Will you approve the suggestion, Baxter?"

"Women have too many nerves," said Baxter, dully. "Think, think, that's all they do. And when their dreams are shattered, they fall short of their estimated capacity for bearing frustration. This emotional shock is the result of nerves, nerves that were pitched too high. She expected much, stayed on constant edge until I tipped her over. She'll come to—but when? When, if ever! These things have been known to end in death."

"Oh, no!" Martha uttered the cry involuntarily. Then she caught Englebrecht by his coat lapel. "Paul can help her. I know he can. I know he—"

"I'll do the best I can," said Baxter, cutting her short. "I'll stay here."

"Fine!" exclaimed Lyons. "With your assistance, we'll succeed."

(To be continued)

The QUEST for TRUTH

Richard Felix, O.S.B.

Conception Abbey, Conception, Missouri

All of the religions in the world cannot be true. Some of them must be false. It is better to belong to a false religion than to have no religion at all?

No religion made by man can take the place of the religion given to man by God. Truth and sincerity are not the same thing. If a man belongs to a religion which in truth is false but which he sincerely believes to be true and does what he deems to be the will of God, he will probably be saved in spite of the fact that he follows a false religion. Such a one belongs to the Soul of the true Church without knowing it. Quite different is the case of one who knows what the true religion is but refuses to join it or to live up to it. Such a one's salvation is extremely doubtful.

Why is it that the Catholic Church refuses to take part in any conference looking toward the unification of the various christian bodies in the world today? Is not a united front against all enemies of Christendom most necessary today?

In answer to this question, Father Fulton Sheen, in one of his radio addresses, had this to say: "All that happened in the Life of Christ happens in the life of His Church. In the courtroom of the High Priest Annas, we find the reason for the Catholic Church's attitude in refusing to take part in movements for federation such as those inspired by present world conferences on religion. In so many words the Church says to those who invite her, 'I know that you will welcome me to your conferences if I say that I am not divine. I know ritualists throughout the world feel the need of my ceremonials and would grasp my hand if I would not relinquish my claim to be divine. I know the church doors of the world would rejoice to see me pass in. I know your welcome would be sincere. I know you desire the union of Christendom—but I cannot. Why do you ask me? If your first principle is that I am not divine but just a human organization like your own, that I am a human institution

like all other human institutions founded by erring men and erring women; if your first principle is that I am human and not divine, then there is no common ground for conference. I must refuse'."

What do you mean by Extreme Unction?

Extreme Unction is one of the seven Sacraments of the Church. It was instituted by Christ to aid the sick who are in grave danger of death. Like Baptism and Confirmation, we have no direct statement in the Scriptures regarding the institution of Extreme Unction but the words of St. James (5:14) prove that it is a divine institution given us by Christ: "Is any man sick among you. Let him bring in the priests of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."

God who has so abundantly enriched us with His instruments of grace and mercy throughout our lives has not been less solicitous for us at the approach of death and has left us this memorial of His love to strengthen and fortify our soul for its last journey into eternity. In this connection, the Council of Trent speaks most beautifully of the goodness and graciousness of God and declares that "as, in the other Sacraments, He prepared the greatest aids, whereby, during life Christians may preserve themselves whole from every more grievous spiritual evil, so did He guard the close of life, by the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, as with a most firm defense. For, though our adversaries seeks and seizes opportunities all our life long to be able to devour our souls, yet is there no time wherein he strains more vehemently all the powers of his craft to ruin us utterly and to make us frail, if he possibly can, even from trust in the mercy of God, than when he perceives the end of our life to be at hand." (Cone. Trid., Sess. 14, Doctr. de Extr. Unc.)

Harp and hymns and crowns of gold—is that really Heaven?

Outside the Church the idea of Heaven has been greatly distorted. Those who left the Church in the sixteenth century discarded the theology of the Church about Heaven along with many other things of historic Christianity. In consequence they have been forced ever since to fall back more and more on the imagery of Scripture. For over four hundred years now they have talked and preached and sung of Heaven as a place of harps and hymns and crowns of gold and streets of jasper. These of course are but symbols. As symbols they are good as far as they go but they give us no more an idea of the life of Heaven than pictures of men with wings give us a notion of the being of Angels.

Substituting the symbol for the substance, and discarding the teaching of the Church on the subject, the non-Catholic world for centuries has had no food for its mind on this subject except the symbols; and symbols, while they may serve very well as stimuli for the imagination, are not food sufficient for the intellect. The result is that for the average man Heaven, thought of in terms of endless hymn-singing, is anything but attractive. This, however, is not the idea of the Church about Heaven. For her Heaven is the clear Vision and the Perfect Possession of God with all that that implies.

Why did God create evil? You say He created all things.

God did not create evil. Evil is not a thing that exists in its own name; it is simply a condition of things. Evil, in fact, can exist only in something that is in itself good. You cannot have a toothache without a tooth. Apart from its diseased condition, the tooth is essentially something good. Evil or sin is a defect in something that is otherwise good. This holds true even of the devil. By nature, he was created good; by the defect of his own disobedience, he became evil.

Children and the Movies

L. E. Eubanks

MOST OF US are so enthusiastic over motion pictures that we find it hard to believe that they are not universally popular. As a magazine writer I have familiarized myself with a surprising variety of subjects and become acquainted with a great many periodicals. It may surprise you, but I have found several magazines that would not buy articles or stories dealing with motion pictures.

If you have been under the impression that the whole world is motion picture mad, or even favorably inclined toward this amusement, you are away off, for the movies have nearly as many enemies and neutrals today as they have boosters.

Speaking broadly, there are two attitudes—unqualified approval on the one extreme, and unreasoning hostility on the other. Some parents forbid their children's going to any movie; others pay no attention and let the youngsters go to shows of their own choice. One woman reminded me that children got along very nicely and were amply entertained before motion pictures were invented. That's very true; and we somehow managed our transportation problems before the dawn of the motor age; but it is undeniable that millions of people are today finding their work easier and their lives happier because of motor vehicles. Both automobiles and motion pictures do harm, but so do eating and sleeping when they are not governed properly.

Unquestionably, the invention of motion pictures marks one of the biggest steps in world progress, and children are immeasurably better off for access to them, if proper adult attention is given the matter.

Official supervision is much closer and more efficient than some fearful parents realize. Not many pernicious films are released, and those that do get out are soon suppressed. From every viewpoint, it pays to guard youthful morals, and those keen-witted people of the motion picture industry were not slow to see this. Only recently, in my home city, persons under sixteen were barred from a certain picture unless accompanied by parents or guardians. The play taught some important lessons, but the theatre owners thought best



to take no chances of a misunderstanding.

Very naturally, it is better for a parent to accompany a child to a show; the youngster will understand more satisfactorily if a word of explanation is given occasionally. But I think it unfair and *unnecessary* to forbid the young person's going just because it is impracticable to go with him. The remedy here is "pal-ship," the same as in most other problems of child culture—such a relation between parent and child that the latter brings every doubtful point home for elucidation. A child trained in this way can be easily set right when threatened by the wrong interpretation of a play and will be honest enough to do as he is told about the matter.

Educators and parents who make a real study of their job know that the "street corner gang" and the wild party are two of the greatest menaces of the day. And we know that the best way to combat such temptations is to provide wholesome entertainment. Don't preach to a child, but get down to business and meet competition; talk the language he can understand—the language of entertainment.

The movies would be justified if they had no other purpose than that of keeping children off the streets. I know a little fellow who is learning the first principles of economy and self-denial because of his interest in the pictures. He saves his candy money in order to see his favorite movie characters; and his mother says that his health is much better since he quit eating so much candy.

Children cannot, and should not go to shows every night; but a little daily reading will not hurt them, and one dependable result of interest in motion picture plays is a liking for books. Many young people who were very apathetic regarding all sorts of literature have become enthusiastic readers after seeing a number of good shows. A play has the advantage of condensation; a person who will not stick to a magazine or book story until he reaches the interesting part may be absorbed in a movie almost before he knows it. It is always easy to interest a child in reading after he has seen the working out of a few stories on the screen.

One child who is now collecting books on animals got his idea from the screen. His hobby is prevention of cruelty to dumb animals—surely a laudable work for anyone, young or old.

Love for and knowledge of music is an important part of the modern child's education, and many are getting their first acquaintance with good music at the picture shows. I concede that not all the music heard at show houses is worth while, but

much of it is. Often the better places give concerts that a few years ago were wholly beyond the average family's means. Many, many grown up persons have learned to follow the music as closely as they do the play, and children, with their better memories, are certain to do this after they once catch on to the musicians' idea in making the selections appropriate and interpretative.

Songs that carry a valuable thought, that stress the worth of mother or home, for instance, may thus take a deeper hold on the young mind than they otherwise would. People in a position to know are unanimous in saying that one of music's greatest debits is to the screen drama, for pictures have helped immeasurably to develop a world-wide appreciation of all kinds of good music.

Parents may safely assume that most plays aim to inculcate constructive ideas and valuable lessons. Just as writers generally seek happy endings for their stories, so scenario writers and producers know that ninety-nine per cent of their prospective audience prefer good, wholesome effects, and depre-

FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

In the Center of the Ring

IF YOU aren't busy this evening get out your catechism and read the chapter on the Sacrament of Confirmation. It will rehearse for you the fact that you are a soldier and that you are expected to fight. When the Bishop gave you the slap on the cheek and anointed your forehead with sacred chrism he qualified you for the front, or, if you will, he put the gloves on your hands. Perhaps you do not know that the sacred chrism contains the same kind of oil which the old Greeks used before their contests in order to make their limbs more supple. Symbolically it is a preparation for the spiritual fight. As a result of the Sacrament of Confirmation, the Holy Ghost, as it were, gives you a pat on the back before every struggle.

When you have to fight temptation don't get the idea that you are being punished by God. You are but waging the same fight as the youth next to you. What else can you anticipate in the church militant? You may as well familiarize yourself with David's words: "He teacheth my hands to war and maketh my arms like a bow of brass . . . Thou hast girded me with strength to battle."

One time Gene Tunney, addressing a group of boys, made it clear to them that his biggest fight was not with Jack Dempsey but with himself. He told them that this battle was going on in every individual and that success could come about only with the development of the power of the will. There is the point. Harness that will of yours with the bridle of repeated acts of self-denial. You will then be able to direct it into the channels of noble action. The Italians read upon one of their government buildings in Rome the gold plated words: "To him who wills, nothing is impossible."

In this combat you may miss the million dollar gate receipts, the yells and shouts of the crowd, but there is more than that in store for you—a tighter grip on your place in heaven and the never failing approval of God Himself.

The big question is this: "Will you be a professional fighter on this spiritual arena or will you be a quitter and hang up the white flag of defeat?"

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

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cate morbid, misleading, and destructive pictures.

The crusade against drink and dope, always formidable menaces to youth, has found an invaluable vehicle in motion pictures. I have seen quite a number of photoplays dealing with these and similar evils, and every single one of them dealt a telling blow. Very recently I enjoyed a play that no young man in his right mind could see without keenly appreciating the terrible dangers in booze and evil associates; and it was made too plain for even a child to misunderstand.

Don't keep your child away from church to send him to a show, don't let him go movie mad and spend all his time and money on shows and motion

picture magazines. But don't, on the other hand, condemn motion pictures when greater minds than you and I have pronounced them a powerful and constructive influence in human progress.

Observation and fair judgment will convince you that most of the enemies of motion pictures are ignorant and prejudiced—ignorant of the thing they are condemning and prejudiced because of some business or hobby which suffers through the public's great interest in the movies. It is surely unjust to turn thumbs down on anything without a thorough acquaintance with it; and allow me to urge that before barring your child from the movies you go into both sides of the proposition.

Our Own Burden

THERE is a famous old essay on "burdens"; it describes a vision in which every mortal received permission to lay aside just one care. The writer watched to see what each would find most irksome. Many laid down physical blemishes and afflictions; one man appeared burdened with crimes, but rid himself not of the crimes, but of his memory of them. No one discarded a folly or a vice.

Then the command came for each person to choose from the heap of cast-off burdens any load that he might prefer to the one he had thrown away. In a short time all complained that the new burdens were less tolerable than the old ones, and begged to be permitted to take their own again.

To feel that our neighbor's burden is lighter than ours, and to believe that if we had it we should bear it uncomplainingly, is an experience with which most of us are familiar. Often that for which we really care the most seems to be the greatest burden. The shock of a great sorrow is sometimes necessary to startle a woman into a realization of what her family means to her.

In a recent story, one of the characters, to whom wifehood and motherhood had been denied, and to whom the privation was real and great, visited a friend who had both blessings. In the course of conversation the visitor asked, "Aren't you perfectly happy?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "I suppose so, but—" and then she began a catalog of the little annoyances that the children caused.

So it is that with the crown upon our heads we go poking

about in the dust, and complaining of the little things. Can we not detach ourselves now and then from the vexations of the day, and get a vision of our blessings? Young mothers have the vision at first—the wonder and the graciousness of God in making them helpers in His creation. But as the days go by, many become accustomed to the glory, and then, unless they are watchful, they are likely to regard it lightly.

How few of us have not yearned to till the other garden, instead of our own barren little patch; to look through the golden windows of the palace on the hill, instead of our own dull panes! We forget that others are looking across, and seeing our blessings large, and the crown small.

We need a new realization of the fact that God has put us in our own place to do some particular thing that the world needs to have done. If we do not do it, no one else will, and it may remain forever undone. Let us see the privilege and blessing of our opportunity—the children to be trained for useful, happy lives, the home to be made a haven of peace. If our own burden seems heavy, let us turn

it about, and see if it will not be lighter. If our garden patch seems barren, it is our privilege to make it bloom.

No mother, returning from a journey, and seeing how glad her children are to have her back, can help realizing that she has a place in the world. What she needs is contentment in it—not mere slothful endurance, but quiet peace and joy in today, and faith to reach out for larger and better tomorrows.

Julia Wolfe



Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

A GAIN the Abbey was privileged to spread its Christmas message over the whole country through a broadcast. The CBS requested Father Abbot to include some part of our monastic Christmas celebration in the Christmas Caravan that the radio would bring to its listeners throughout the country. From 10:30 to 11:00 Christmas Eve the Office of Matins according to the Monastic Breviary was on the air from St. Meinrad's. A large microphone in the center of our choir caught the strains of our chanting and recitation. Our program opened with the ringing of the bells in the towers of the Abbey Church as they called the monks to choir for the Christmas Office. As a prelude to the solemn opening of the Christmas festivity the schola and choir chanted the ancient Advent hymn "Rorate coeli desuper." To add solemnity to our Office on this great feast we always sing the first part of Matins. Radio listeners who are acquainted with the choir service at the Abbey could easily distinguish the voice of Father Abbot as he intoned the opening prayer "*Deus in adiutorium meum intende.*" Father Rudolph, the Director of the monastic schola, chanted the Invitatory verse and psalm. During the remaining half hour of the broadcast our radio audience heard the chanting of the hymn "*Christe Redemptor omnium*" and the first three psalms of Matins. Reports assure us that all over the country many heard for the first time the grand prayer by which Holy Church annually celebrates the sacred night of Christ's Birth.

A MONG the visitors to the Abbey during the Christmas season were Father Maurice, O.S.B., and his basketball team. Father is stationed at our Indian Mission at Stephan, South Dakota. The young

braves who make his team are boys from the Mission school. Indian boys show a great interest and skill in our American sports. A demonstration game was played in the College gym between the Indians and our College students who spent their vacation with us. Our boys "scalped" the Indians.

The Clerics of the Abbey entertained us with a delightful operetta on the Vigil of the Epiphany. Frater Wulstan developed the plot of the story and composed the music. It was an original St. Meinrad production all the way through. He found among his confreres in the Clericate abundant dramatic and vocal talent for carrying out his idea. We are indebted to Fraters Lucian, Ernest, Raban, Marion, and Austin for an evening of song and delightful comedy. The rather serious-sounding title "The Canons Of Ghent" was surprisingly misleading. The story told us how reserved and dignified Canons, professors in the Cathedral school, found lively relaxation from their duties during their Christmas vacation by indulging in a practical joke. The Fraters treated their audience to a musical farce of fast action, comedy, embarrassing situations and surprises. All agreed that the "Canons of Ghent" were delightful musical fellows.

THE call of the Mission life has again taken Father Boniface back into the field. Before he suffered a paralytic stroke some years ago he labored among the Indians at St. Paul's Mission in Marty, South Dakota. For many months after his stroke Father Boniface recuperated as a patient under the care of the Benedictine Sisters in their hospital at Yankton. As soon as his condition had improved he returned to the Abbey and began living the cloistral life as regularly as his health would

permit. But his quiet life in the Abbey was soon to give place to active duty. The Benedictines at Yankton who had nursed Father Boniface back to health petitioned Father Abbot to send one of the Fathers to their mission at Zell, North Dakota. Father Boniface was Father Abbot's choice for chaplain. On January 2nd Father Boniface left his confreres at the Abbey to labor once more in the Dakotas.

To help drive away the "post-vacation blues" Father John and the Abbey Band were hosts at a party for the students. On the first evening after their return Father John invited the students to drown their sorrows in song. The Band first played some new selections to pep up the crowd. Then all were invited to join in singing some old favorites. After the musical program the students attended the movie of Knute Rockne's life. The gay spirits after the entertainment seem to prove that music and movies are quick remedies for drooping spirits.

THE GREAT feast of Our Lord's Epiphany is enriched by many customs that our Catholic people seldom hear of. In a Benedictine Abbey where daily monastic life blends with the life of the Church, these beautiful customs are faithfully observed each year. On the feast of Epiphany Holy Church solemnly announces to her children the movable feasts of our Lord for the coming liturgical year. One of the cantors vested in cope enters the sanctuary and from the place where the deacon sings the Gospel in Solemn Mass, chants the announcement of the days on which we will celebrate the great feasts of Our Lord. Father Meinrad was the cantor and made the announcements this year. The blessing of Epiphany water is another service proper to this day. Holy Church

Letter from a Seminarian

St. Meinrad, Indiana
Jan. 23, 1941

Hello, Skeeter!

There is no doubt that you were at least frank about the whole matter. Still the same old skeptical "Skeet," aren't you? First you didn't believe a word of what I said last August—the day, I mean, when I told you for the first time that I was going to St. Meinrad to study for the priesthood. Called me a plain unvarnished "sap" for giving up all the pleasures, dances, friends, didn't you? said I'd change my mind after the Christmas vacation when the many joys of home would lure me back from the Seminary? Our frequent talks did not seem to alter your pre-conceived opinions. You couldn't see what attraction that "quiet neck of the woods" (your own expression) could have for any red-blooded American. And now comes your little note—little, I said, and quite unlike your verbose self—restating your *humble* views on my vocation.

But enough of this banter—for banter it is, as anyone can tell who is acquainted with our ways of dealing with one another. I know that you secretly admire and even envy my choice of a life's work. Thank God with me for the call. Incidentally I'm praying that you will soon find your place in life, but I have more than a suspicion that June, the girl

in the case, will help you to decide. Good luck, Skeets!

In spite of your candid objections, I know that you are interested in the Seminary, and, historian that you are, you appended a P.S. question that required a little research work. "What's the history behind the School?" First of all, get this clear. St. Meinrad Minor Seminary—also called the College—and The Major Seminary are exclusively for those boys and young men who desire to become priests, or, at least, sincerely wish to try out their vocation. But just as soon as a boy definitely decides that this kind of life is not for him, he drops out of the ranks. I mention this because you seemed to confuse the purpose of such a school as St. Meinrad. Naturally, the course of studies will be in many things very different from the ordinary High School and secular College curriculum.

Now here is a little historical sketch. The School dates back to April 17, 1854, less than a year from the time the pioneer monks from Switzerland had settled in Indiana. Two students were in attendance. In 1857 there were 14 students. These monks had behind them the well-tried traditions of a world famous ten-century-old Swiss Abbey—Einsiedeln. You can see why the work of education was taken up with so

much enthusiasm. The education of a native clergy had been one of the main purposes for their coming to America and Indiana.

By 1861 the full commercial, classical, philosophical, and theological courses were offered. After the disastrous fire of 1887 a change was made in the educational set-up. The commercial department of the College was transferred to a new school at Jasper, Indiana. Jasper Academy flourished for many years. In 1933 the School at Jasper was moved to Aurora, Illinois. There it is known as Marmion Military Academy, a day and boarding school for boys.

That, Skeet, is going back into history—but, remember, you asked for it. If you really want to know more, write. But better still, why not drive down to St. Meinrad for a visit? Any Sunday is a good day for a visit. Visitors are most welcome. You might tell your friends that there will be on hand a guide to show all visitors around the group of buildings that make up the Abbey of St. Meinrad. Sunday will give you a good opportunity to attend the solemn Divine Services of the Church in all their richness.

Enough, then, for the present!

Abruptly—

Yours,

Tom

sings in her Vesper Office that she honors three mysteries in Christ's life on the feast of the Epiphany—the Adoration of the Magi, the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan, the Miracle of Cana, when Christ changed water into wine. In two of the mysteries water played an important role. To hallow the memory of the sacred use of water once made by Christ, Holy Church blesses water for the Epiphany. After the High Mass Father Prior blessed the choir with holy water. At noon in the re-

fectory each monk found at his place at table a small glass of the blessed water.

Father Stephen helped the students to participate more actively in the spirit of Holy Church by introducing two liturgical practices in the life of the Minor Seminary this year. The Roman Ritual has a special blessing for chalk and also the house in honor of the Magi on the feast of the Epiphany. With the blessed chalk the initials of the Magi—Kasper, Melchior and Baltassar—

are written over the doors to obtain the special intercession of the three holy kings. In memory of the visit made by the Magi to Bethlehem to adore Christ, Holy Church visits the homes in the person of her priest. With holy water, incense, and prayers filled with the spirit of Epiphany, the priest imparts a solemn blessing to the house. All the students of the Minor Seminary accompanied Father Stephen in procession as he visited the rooms and blessed them.



THE POPE SPEAKS

Charles Rankin

HERE IS a brief but concise biography of Pius XII, His labors and experiences. Reading these pages one understands why he has been called the Pope of Peace and why the author opens his book with these lines: "It is fortunate for the whole world (excepting the dictators of Germany and Russia) that the former Cardinal Pacelli is now Pope... It has been truly said that Pope Pius tries to produce the greatest possible balance between means and ends; between the actual tools which the Church must necessarily use and its spiritual mission. He does not desire personal success. He merely wishes to seek peace and ensure it."

Within this volume is also a record of all the official writings or speeches of the Pontiff, since the outbreak of the war. There is his first message, The Encyclical "Darkness Over the Earth," The Letter to America, The Five Point Peace Plan; the Letter to President Roosevelt, Letter to the Church in France, and His broadcasts. It is interesting to compare the Pope's writings to those of His predecessors; the appendix gives the Peace Plan of Benedict XV and Pius XI's Encyclical on Germany.

THE TREMAYNES and the MASTERFUL MONK

Owen Francis Dudley

FATHER Anselm Thornton is like an old friend to those who are familiar with "The Masterful

Monk." He remains true to his title in this new character study, the sixth in a series dealing with human happiness by Father Owen Dudley.

To many readers the story of the TREMAYNES will not be pleasing, but beyond the ugliness and cruelty of one of the characters lies the hope of guiding and helping such a person until at length he takes his place as a worthy member of society.

From childhood days Gordon Tremayne was cruel. Backed by his father, who had like tendencies, he bullied and persecuted his younger brother Allen. It was in those days that Father Thornton, then a young Captain in the R A F, first met the two lads and gained the confidence of the timid gentle Allen. It was then too that he discovered Gordon and brought him cringing to his knees.

Years later Allen turned to the monk for advice when the sadistic tendencies of Gordon threatened all his future happiness. Father Thornton determines to see the story through. In doing so he met Gordon's wife. Taking desperate methods and supported by his own prayerful courage he drives Gordon into a corner—a corner where he faces his own black past and the trouble he has brought to those who should have been dearest to him.

Unpleasant but holding your interest throughout, this tale has a fine lesson: "The Gordon Tremaynes of this world are not uncommon, their cruelties cry to heaven for vengeance, and yet remain untouched by law. Beyond human reach they may

be, but not beyond reach of the Divine."

DEVOTION TO MARY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Rev. John A. Elbert

"SOLID devotion must have solid foundation." Devotion to our Blessed Mother is given in the plan of Redemption. The objections of those outside the Faith that devotion to Mary derogates from the honor we owe her Son, have been proven futile. It is through devotion to Mary that we are drawn closer to her Son.

Father Elbert, a member of the Society of Mary and President of the University of Dayton, gives a comprehensive and very practical study of present-day devotion to Mary. He treats the subject in relation to the Scriptures, to Theology, to the Church, to womanhood and to manhood. The final chapters give emphasis to that form of devotional practice termed "filial piety." The real test of such devotion, transforms us, "Christ increasing in us, we decreasing, until we are made in the image of the Son of Mary."

THE FAMILY

Nina Fedorova

IT IS GOOD to find the old-fashioned virtue glorified in a top best seller, the Atlantic Prize novel of 1940. "The Family" are white Russians, "ex-big, ex-great and ex-prosperous," exiled, poverty stricken and alone but still retaining the warmth of Faith and courage, hope and charity. Together they are

five: Granny, Mother and her young daughter Lida, Peter and Dima. The boys were orphans of the two deceased brothers of Mother.

"The Family" kept a poor but respectable boarding-house in the British Concession, in China, during the Japanese invasion in 1937. From time to time a strange but interesting medley of roomers came to them. There was Mme. Melitza, the Bes-sarabian fortune-teller; Mrs. Parrish, a refined English lady who turned to drink, when she was widowed; pathetic old Professor Chernov, scientist and idealist; Lady Dorothea, great romancer and traveler; the American dough-boy and his bride; the Russian nuns; bowing, spying Japanese and the gentle but shrewd Chinese scholars. Each was weighted with troubles and problems. But Granny and Mother managed to share with each one, to give them understanding and even physical care. All were better for having lived with "The Family." Time separated the brave little group of five but with them went the flame of imperishable virtues that make for a better happier life.

THE NECESSITY FOR THE CHURCH

Reverend W. E. Orchard, D.D.

THIS BOOK explains the fundamental difference between the Catholic and the Protestant positions and examines the reasons why some feel they cannot accept the authority of the Catholic Church. Father Orchard proves this is mostly due to lack of recognition of the necessity for such an authority and also to a misunderstanding of the nature of that authority and its jurisdiction. The Church is an absolute necessity if Christianity is to have a clear witness and retain a concrete content.

The objections advanced by other sects, particularly that religious experience is independent of the Church, is very clearly removed. All religious experience, says the author, derives or depends for its growth, upon that which the Catholic Church alone can give and alone can promise. Old criticisms hurled against the Church are explained as being inevitable. Christ has fore-

seen such mistakes. But these mistakes will continue while the human element is to be considered, and they are as nothing when placed beside the powerful and plentiful graces and gifts that exist only within the Catholic Faith.

A QUEEN'S COMMAND

Anna Kuhn

THE STORY of Saint Bernadette never grows old. It is always amazing and new. For children it is of especial interest, for like the Little Flower, Bernadette was almost of our own time, and many of our own people have been healed or aided by the miraculous water of Lourdes.

There is another reason why Bernadette's life should be familiar to the children of the United States. The beautiful lady who appeared so many times to Bernadette and made her wishes known to the poor little peasant girl, had declared that she was the "Immaculate Conception." It is under this title that Mary was chosen, some years ago to be the Patroness of our Country, our Church and our homes.

Anna Kuhn tells Bernadette's story in a charming, happy manner. She says she is repeating it as it was told to her one evening in the lobby of the Massabielle Hotel in Lourdes by an aged Franciscan monk. Any little boy or girl will listen or read with open-eyed wonder this tender story of the little shepherdess of the Pyrenees.

THE ANGEL OF AQUINO

Henry M. Pflugbeil, O. P.

HERE is a new prayerbook in English, pocket-size, containing prayers for the Mass as well as other prayers and hymns composed by St. Thomas Aquinas. There are also meditations, prayers, and a method of hearing Mass in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. (This Mass follows the rite proper to the Dominicans.) Certainly no man was ever better equipped mentally and spiritually to compose prayers for himself and others than the great Angelic Doctor. The Church has officially recognized his ability and his great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by assigning his hymns

officially to be sung as part of the Mass and Divine Office on occasions calling for special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The *Pange Lingua*, *Lauda Sion*, and *Adoro Te* are among the best loved hymns of the liturgy. In this little prayer-book the Latin and English texts are both presented, side by side, and will be for many the first key to an appreciation of liturgical feeling and depth in the prayers of the Mass and Office. A short life of St. Thomas is prefixed to the Manual of well-chosen prayers, and appended is the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the Canonization of St. Thomas.

The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk, by Owen Dudley. Published by Longmans Green. Price \$2.00

The Pope Speaks, Pius XII by Charles Rankin. Published by Harcourt Brace. Price \$2.75

The Family, by Nina Fedorova. Published by Little, Brown and Company. Price \$2.50

Devotion to Mary in the Twentieth Century, by Father J. A. Elbert. Published by Bruce. Price .75¢

A Queen's Command, by Anna Kuhn. Published by Bruce. Price \$1.75

The Necessity For the Church, by Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., Price \$1.75

The Angel of Aquino, by Henry M. Pflugbeil, O. P., published by The Sisters of St. Dominic, 1209 Park Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin. Price: Imitation leather \$1.25; D'Artignon paper, .75¢

Pamphlets

Mary's Little Troubadour, by Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. Verses in honor of the Queen of Heaven, published by *The Christian Family*, 265 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Illinois. 10¢

Eastern Catholics by Clement C. Englert, C.S.S.R. 10¢

Respect and Obey by Rev. Gerald C. Tracy, S. J. 5¢

Is Religion a Racket? by Wilfred G. Hurley, C.S.P. 5¢

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Religion is an Opiate by Wilfred G. Hurley, C.S.P. 5¢

Religion is only for Weaklings by Wilfred G. Hurley, C.S.P. 5¢

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

The Fourth Commandment gives us a clue as to whom we should pray for first, our parents. Using this as a guiding principle, we should support those nearest to us by ties of blood or friendship with constant and fervent prayer. To do this is to do something positive for the salvation of souls.

No man can serve two masters full-time; yet how many are there that try.

No one can measure the power or weight of influence. Every one wields it on those that come into his sphere. Two truths follow: First, see to it that your influence on others is to their greatest spiritual advantage; and, be on your guard that another does not bring harm to you by his influence.

Chastity is a sum of money that we always carry with us. Our own flesh tempts us to spend it; the world with many wiles tries to get it from us; the devil, clever and astute, is always after it.

Like the tree in the Gospel of Ember Wednesday which has ceased to bear fruit, the soul whose fervor has lapsed is sometimes dunged by God in order to restore it to vigor. The proud fall; the impure become

deeply mired; liars are snared in the webs of their own deceits; the irreligious are visited with disaster. And these evils, like the husks of swine, are intended by God to bring the Prodigal home repentant.

To children, religion is often a beautiful and mysterious game that is discarded with the other things of a child when they grow up. Whereas religion is an important part of the game of life and should be developed until it has a permanent place in the child's adult life. For religion is the relationship between the soul and God, of too much importance to be neglected.

The bee and the butterfly offer us a lesson. The bee has foresight and gathers the honey while he has the opportunity. The butterfly has the same opportunity yet merely flits from flower to flower. Do you live like a bee or like a butterfly?

A man who goes his way in a strange city with a guide is more free and safe than a man without a guide. For he will not only see more of the city but is sure to arrive at his destination. A man without a guide will wander aimlessly, become lost, and probably arrive late if ever at his destination. Obedience is the guide that a wise man takes

in the City of the World and this guide leads through the way of The Commandments to our destination, the city of God.

Confession is the tribunal before which one can plead guilty to any offense or crime against Our Father in Heaven and be restored to one's place as a son and heir with all former rights and dignities. The judge is an ambassador of the Father, enriched with many powers, who really loves the penitent although he hates the offense and who guides and counsels the repentant one so that he will live worthy of his name as a son of the Father.

Common sense is a virtue that anger, pride, and other vices hinder the practice of.

No one doubts that this age is not one of the Ages of Faith, for prayer and spiritual things have a very small role, if any at all, in the lives of most people.

People who confess their faults and sins glibly would do well to remember that they are taking a subjective view of a matter that objectively is a thing of horror. Sin is always ugly.

"Putting on a front" and the Chinese "not losing face" is a meeting at a common point of the philosophy of life of the East and West, antiquity and modern times; and it also shows how pagan we still are after centuries of Christianity.

Every man leads a double life. The end of one life is the grave; the end of the other—it has no end; the first is the life of the body and the second is the life of the soul. To neglect either life is an error, but to neglect the life of the soul is irremediable error.

Some people spend the time before Ash Wednesday thinking up "easy penances" for practice during Lent. It is an indication of their love for the Crucified Saviour. Love is measured by sacrifice.

Are You Moving?

My old address —

.....Street
.....City.....State

My new address is, or will be

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.....City.....State

Signed.....

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana

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